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P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*By the late Mrs. LEA P O R, of Brackley
in Northamptonshire.*

The SECOND and Last VOLUME.



L O N D O N,

Printed : And Sold by J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.*

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T O

JOHN * * * * *, Esq;

Feb. 21. 1749.

S I R,

YOU have my sincerest Thanks for the kind Information you sent me of the generous Scheme that is form'd for the Printing Mrs. LEA-
P O R's remaining Papers, for the Benefit of her Father; and that the ingenious Gentlemen you mention, intend to give some Account of the Author: For nothing can give me more Pleasure than to hear of a Design that may do Honour to her Memory, and be of Service to Him for whom she always expressed a most affectionate and dutiful Regard, particularly in her last Moments.

I shall readily contribute any thing in my Power, tho' I fear that is very little : But, upon making a thorough Search among my Papers, I have found Two or Three of hers, that were mislaid when the other were sent to Mrs. F— ; which I here send you, with two or three Copies wrote in her Childhood, that have since been alter'd as they now stand in the printed Book.

Several of those sent to Mrs. F— were likewise wrote when she was very young; and were condemn'd to the Flames by herself, but spared at my Intercession ; so that I am very dubious, whether they will be thought worth printing or not; though I must own myself fond of every thing that was hers.

I remember I saw, two or three Years before my Acquaintance with her commenced, a Book about the Size of a common Copy-Book (but something thicker) fill'd with Poems of her writing, that much pleas'd me. I thought them extraordinary Performances for a Girl of her Age, and one that

that had so little Advantage (or rather none at all) either from Books or Conversation: But my bad State of Health prevented me from making any further Enquiry concerning this young Genius, till about fourteen Months before her Death, when I was inform'd she had wrote a Tragedy.

I could not help smiling at this; thinking it at least a very bold Attempt from a Person in her Situation. But however, it raised my Curiosity very much: And happening to meet with her a Day or two afterwards, I begg'd the Favour of seeing it; which was readily granted. You may easily guess how far it exceeded my Expectation.

Soon after I made her a Visit; and expressing how much I lik'd the Play, desir'd she would give me Leave to see any thing else she might have wrote; upon which she brought a little Box, where her Papers lay in a careless confus'd manner, and allow'd me to look them all over; which I did with a great deal of Pleasure, and no small Astonishment. I

I then enquired for the little Book I had seen before ; but she told me she had burnt it long ago, with several other Papers, which she did not think worth preserving.

This I could not help blaming her for, as there were a great many pretty Things in it ; particularly a Poem, relating the History of *Isaac's* Courtship and Marriage of *Rebecca* ; which has since been much enquir'd for by some that had seen it.

My mentioning a Subscription, I believe, occasioned her Poem, call'd *Mopsus*, or, *The Castle-Builder* ; and I indulg'd my Curiosity in calling upon her often, to see how she carried it on. It was really amazing to see how fast she advanc'd in it ; her Thoughts seeming to flow as fast as she could put them upon Paper ; and I am persuaded, that many beautiful ones have been lost for want of Leisure to write them.

My expressing some Fear of being troublesome in coming so frequently, occasioned a great Variety of Invitations, both
in

in Verse and Prose ; which I could seldom resist : And indeed her whole Behaviour to me was so extremely good-natur'd and obliging, that I must have been the most ungrateful Person in the World, if I had not endeavour'd to make some Return.

From this Time to that of her Death, few Days pass'd in which I did not either see or hear from her ; for she gave me the Pleasure of seeing all her Poems as soon as they were finish'd. And though I never was extremely fond of Poetry, and don't pretend to be a Judge of it, there was something so peculiarly pleasing to my Taste in almost every thing she wrote, that I could not but be infinitely pleas'd with such a Correspondent.

Nor did I admire her in her Poetical Capacity only ; but the more I was acquainted with her, the more I saw Reason to esteem her for those virtuous Principles, and that Goodness of Heart and Temper, which so visibly appeared in her ; and I was so far from thinking it a Condescension to cultivate an Acquaintance with a

Person in her Station, that I rather esteem'd it an Honour to be call'd a Friend to one in whom there appear'd such a true Greatness of Soul as with me far outweigh'd all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune. Nor do I think it possible for any body that was as well acquainted with her as myself, to consider her as a mean Person.

I have sent a List of the Poems that were wrote since I was acquainted with her ; which, I think, will shew the Quickness of her Genius, especially when it is consider'd how much she was engaged in her Father's Affairs, and the Business of his House, in which she had nobody to assist her.

This, you may imagine, was some Mortification to a Person of her Turn ; yet she was always chearful : And as she wanted none of the Necessaries of Life, expressed herself thankful for that. Her chief Ambition seem'd to be to have such a Competency as might leave her at Liberty to enjoy the Company of a Friend, and indulge her scribbling Humour (as she call'd

call'd it) when she had a mind, without Inconvenience or Interruption.

I could not see how much she was straiten'd in point of Time for her Writing, without endeavouring to remove the Difficulty; and therefore propos'd a Subscription to some of my Acquaintance; which I hoped might be a Means of doing it. And here, Sir, I must gratefully acknowlege your kind Assistance, without which I am sensible all my Endeavours had been ineffectual; but through your Good-nature I had the Pleasure to see it brought into a promising Way before the Death of the Author; who unfortunately did not live to receive that Benefit by it, which has since accrued to her Father.

Since the Publication of her Poems, I hear she has been accused of stealing from other Authors; but I believe very unjustly, and imagine the Censure proceeds rather from a random Conjecture that it must be so, than any just Foundation. I don't find that the Particulars are pointed out; and if there are really any Lines in

her Book that bear so near a Resemblance to what has been wrote by other Authors, as to give room for such a Conjecture, I, that was so well acquainted with her Way of Thinking, dare venture to answer for her, that it proceeded from the Impression the Reading those Passages some time before happen'd to make upon her Mind, without her remembring from whence they came ; and therefore she can no more be reckon'd a Plagiary on that Account, than a Person could justly be accused of being a Thief, for making use of a Shilling or two of another's Money that happen'd to be mix'd with his own, without his knowing it.

Besides, I don't believe it impossible for two People to think exactly alike upon a Subject, and even to express themselves almost in the very same Words for a Line or two, without ever having been acquainted with one another's Thoughts ; tho' I don't know that this was the Case of *Myra*.

I must beg Leave to give you an Instance of her Probity in this respect.

I one Day shew'd her an old manuscript Pastoral of Mr. *Newton's*, in Blank Verse ; with which she seem'd much pleased, and desired Leave to take it home with her, and amuse herself with putting some Parts of it, that she most liked, into Rhyme. She did so *; and in my Opinion so greatly alter'd and improv'd them, that when the Papers were first sent to you, in order to be printed, I said I thought there was no Occasion for mentioning Mr. *Newton's* Name : But she would not consent to have them put in her Book without that Distinction ; and indeed had no occasion to adopt other Peoples Productions.

Deceit and Insincerity of all Kinds she abhorred ; and (if I may be allowed to give my Opinion) I really believe what she wrote upon Serious and Divine Subjects, proceeded from the inmost Sentiments of her Heart ; which I take to be one great Reason of their appearing so extremely natural and beautiful.

As an Instance of her uncommon Manner of Thinking, give me Leave to acquaint

* See the Poems, Vol. I. p. 183, 187, 192.

you with a Discourse that pass'd between us, when the Proposal for a Subscription was on foot. I very gravely told her, I thought we must endeavour to find out some great Lady to be her Patroness, and desir'd her to prepare a handsome Dedication.

“ But pray, what am I to say in this
“ same Dedication ?

“ Oh, a great many fine Things, cer-
“ tainly.

“ But, Madam, I am not acquainted
“ with any great Lady, nor like to be.

“ No matter for that ; 'tis but your
“ supposing your Patroness to have as
“ many Virtues as other Peoples always
“ have : You need not fear saying too
“ much ; and I must insist upon it.”

She really seem'd shock'd, and said,
“ But, Dear Madam, could you in good
“ Earnest approve of my sitting down to
“ write an Encomium upon a Person I
“ know

“ know nothing of, only because I might
 “ hope to get something by it? — No,
 “ *Myra!*”

She always call'd it being idle, and indulging her whimsical Humour, when she was employed in writing the humorous Parts of her Poems; and nothing could pique her more than Peoples imagining she took a great deal of Pains, or spent a great deal of Time, in such Composures; or that she set much Value upon them.

She told me, that most of them were wrote when cross Accidents happen'd to disturb her, purely to divert her Thoughts from dwelling upon what was disagreeable; and that it generally had the intended Effect, by putting her in a good Humour.

I must now come to the melancholy Scene of her Death; which, to my inexpressible Concern, happen'd on the 12th of *November* 1746. and was occasioned by the Measles,

A Day or two before her Departure, while her Senses remained perfect, she desir'd to speak to me alone ; and after the warmest Expressions of Gratitude for my Goodness to her, as she call'd it, continued, as near as I can remember, in this manner.

“ But I have still one Favour to beg of
 “ you.—I find I am going.—I always
 “ lov'd my Father ; but I feel it now
 “ more than ever.—He is growing into
 “ Years.—My Heart bleeds to see the
 “ Concern he is in ; and it would be the
 “ utmost Satisfaction to me, if I could
 “ hope any thing of mine could contri-
 “ bute to his comfortable Subsistence in
 “ his old Age : I therefore beg of you to
 “ take the Key of my Buroe ; and if any
 “ thing is to be made of my poor Papers,
 “ that you will, for my sake, endeavour to
 “ promote a Subscription for his Bene-
 “ fit, which you so kindly have propos'd
 “ for mine.”

They must have had harder Hearts than mine, that could have refus'd to comply with such a Request. I promis'd to do
 the

the best I could (with which she seem'd satisfied); and have endeavour'd to perform it to the utmost of my Power.

Since I received your Letter, I have applied to Mr. *Leapor* for what Information he could give me relating to his Daughter.

He tells me, She was born at *Marston St. Laurence* in this County, on the 26th of *February* 1722. at which Time he was Gardener to the late Judge *Blencowe*, and continued five Years in the Family; and then removed with his Wife and this only Daughter to *Brackley*, where she spent the remaining Part of her Life.

She was bred up under the Care of a pious and sensible Mother, who died about four Years before her.

He informs me she was always fond of reading every thing that came in her way, as soon as she was capable of it; and that when she had learnt to write tolerably, which, as he remembers, was at
about

about ten or eleven Years old, She would often be scribbling, and sometimes in Rhyme; which her Mother was at first pleas'd with: But finding this Humour increase upon her as she grew up, when she thought her capable of more profitable Employment, she endeavour'd to break her of it; and that he likewise, having no Taste for Poetry, and not imagining it could ever be any Advantage to her, join'd in the same Design: But finding it impossible to alter her natural Inclination, he had of late desisted, and left her more at Liberty.

He says, she never had any intimate Companion, except one agreeable young Woman in this Town, whom she mentions in her Poem upon *Friendship*, by the Name of FIDELIA; and that she always chose to spend her leisure Hours in Writing and Reading, rather than in those Diversions which young People generally chuse; insomuch that some of the Neighbours that observ'd it, expressed their Concern, lest the Girl should overstudy herself, and be mopish. But to me she

she always appeared rather gay, than melancholy.

I think it is now high time to apologize for this long Letter: But as I was resolved to send the best Account I could, I hope, Sir, you will excuse me. It is not for me to pretend to do Justice to the Memory of Mrs. LEAPOR; but if you think any of the little Incidents I have mention'd will be useful to the Gentlemen who have so kindly form'd that Design, and give them a true Idea of her, I shall be much pleas'd; and am, with true Respect,

Your ever affectionate and

obliged humble Servant,

P O S T S C R I P T.

I must beg Leave to enter a *Caveat* against printing the Poem call'd *Myra's Picture*; because tho' she may be suppos'd

pos'd to have made very free with herself, I think it may give the Reader a worse Idea of her Person than it deserv'd, which was very far from being shocking; tho' there was nothing extraordinary in it. The Poem was occasioned by her happening to hear that a Gentleman who had seen some of her Poems, wanted to know what her Person was.

Mr. *Leapor* has put down a Grave-Stone in Memory of his Daughter; and I should be glad if any of the ingenious Gentlemen you mention would be so good as to write a few Lines to be put upon it.

Mrs. LEAPOR's whole Library consisted of about sixteen or seventeen single Volumes, among which were Part of Mr. *Pope's* Works, *Dryden's* Fables, some Volumes of Plays, &c.

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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On PATIENCE. To Stella.



TILL, *Stella*, still, you sigh, and you
complain;

And mourn with real, or imagin'd Pain :

But, *Stella*, say, shall Things like You and Me
Repine at Nature's and at God's Decree?

Whose Goodness plac'd us in a quiet State,
Above the Wretched, and below the Great.

“But who are wretched?”—Why, Experience tells,
Our Bliss or Woe exists within ourselves.

Small Comfort feels the discontented Breast
From the gay Splendor of a shining Vest;
While some, whose Bodies lie expos'd to Air,
Whose Meals are slender, and whose Feet are bare;
Who want the needful Aid of Cloaths and Fire;
Yet sing in Want, and laugh in Rags and Mire:
These, blest with Ignorance and thoughtless Ease,
Small Things content, and low-born Trifles please.
Reflection ne'er disturbs their vulgar Mirth:

They view alike a Burial, or a Birth.

If these are happy from the Want of Thought,
Then *Stella's* Wisdom is too dearly bought;
If Knowledge only serves to make her find
Those Ills o'erlook'd by Hundreds of her Kind.

But gracious Heaven by its Law assign'd
More Griefs and Glories for the noble Mind;

Where

Where awful Reason gives a piercing Ray,
And clears the Spirit for a brighter Day.
Those honest Beams if we attempt to shun,
How shall we bear with an immortal Sun?

Then Patience follows, still to Reason true;
The Saint's best Virtue, and his Comfort too;
Who smooths the Ills from which she can't defend;
The Sick-man's Cordial, and the Poor-man's Friend.
This, *Stella*, This, will cheer the aking Breast,
And slope our Passage to the Realms of Rest.
This helps the Good to look Affliction through,
Tho' Friends forsake, and Enemies pursue.
'Tis this that makes the gentle Bosom glow,
And rise superior through its Weight of Woe.
Let this, O *Stella*, cheer thy drooping Soul,
While o'er thy Roofs the swelling Tempests roll.
The scatter'd Grievs shall in their Season fail,
And smiling Fortune turn the shifting Gale:

Far from thy Head the banish'd Storm shall fly,
And thou rest happy in a fairer Sky.

When *Stella's* Spirit shall be taught to know
Joy's proper Medium, and to smile in Woe ;
When her still Passions know their due Degree ;
Then teach ! O teach the happy Art to me !
Me, who from Thought to frolic Fancy skim,
Now wrapt in Morals, and now lost in Whim ;
While a strange Group of mingled Passions sway,
That rule by Changing, and by Turns obey :
Yet, not abandon'd, I would do the best,
To aid the Weakness of this changing Breast,
And catch a Thought, its Errors to controul,
Before the Woman rushes on my Soul.



PHOEBUS to ARTEMISIA.

TO *Artemisia*, softest of her Kind, thou comest,
 With Woman's Features, but a nobler Mind;
 A manly Soul, that's charmingly refin'd;
 All Hail to Her—whom mortal Swains obey!
 All Hail from Me—the Monarch of the Day!
 For thee (lov'd Mortal), for thy sake we show
 (Once more) our Lustre to the World below:
 For thee we bid the sprouting Leaves appear,
 And blushing Infants of the tender Year:
 For thee the Floods glide more serenely by,
 And gentler Zephyrs on the Branches die.
 So be thy Heart (releas'd from every Ill)
 Calm as the Winds, and as the Waters still.
 Hear the Birds warble in delightful Strains,
 To call my Fair-one to the healthful Plains.

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

Haste then! O haste! to *Mira's* rural Bow'rs,
 And my glad Beams shall gild the chearful Hours.
 No sickly Blast shall taint the purer Sky,
 Nor rattling Tempest through the Groves shall fly.
 Come, thou dear Nymph, so long ador'd by me;
 For (trust me) *Daphne* never charm'd like thee.
 Come then! O, come! and dread no piercing Wind;
 'Tis *Phæbus* self has promis'd to be kind:
 Come, when yon Dial points to Number Three;
 For that's the Hour most bly (blest by me):
 'Tis then I shine with more propitious Ray;
 Dispel the Clouds, and give a brighter Day.
 So may thy Verse through distant Ages run,
 Still the bright Image of its Parent Sun;
 Whilst I with Pleasure shall its Birth declare,
 And guard my Offspring with a Father's Care.

But see, alas!—where lonely *Mira* weeps,
 And to her Bosom pale Despondence creeps,

Left you refuse—Be merciful—for She
('Tis true) I *pity*, tho' I *love* but Thee.

MAN *the* MONARCH.

A Maz'd we read of Nature's early Throes :
How the fair Heav'ns and pond'rous Earth
arose :

How blooming Trees unplanted first began ;
And Beasts submissive to their Tyrant, Man :
To Man, invested with despotic Sway,
While his mute Brethren tremble and obey ;
Till Heav'n beheld him insolently vain,
And check'd the Limits of his haughty Reign.
Then from their Lord the rude Deserters fly,
And, grinning back, his fruitless Rage defy ;
Pards, Tygers, Wolves, to gloomy Shades retire,
And Mountain-Goats in purer Gales respire.

8 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

To humble Valleys, where soft Flowers blow,
 And fatt'ning Streams in crystal Mazes flow,
 Full of new Life, the untam'd Coursers run,
 And roll, and wanton, in the chearful Sun;
 Round their gay Hearts the dancing Spirits rise,
 And rouse the Lightnings in their rolling Eyes:
 To cragged Rocks destructive Serpents glide,
 Whose mossy Crannies hide their speckled Pride:
 And monstrous Whales on foamy Billows ride.
 Then joyful Birds ascend their native Sky:
 But where! ah! where, shall helpless Woman fly?

Here smiling Nature brought her choicest Stores,
 And roseate Beauty on her Fav'rite pours:
 Pleas'd with her Labour, the officious Dame
 With-held no Grace would deck the rising Frame.
 Then view'd her Work, and view'd, and smil'd again,
 And kindly whisper'd, Daughter, live, and reign.
 But now the Matron mourns her latest Care,
 And sees the Sorrows of her darling Fair;

Beholds

Beholds a *Wretch*, whom she design'd a *Queen*,
 And weeps that e'er she form'd the weak Machine.
 In vain she boasts her Lip of scarlet Dyes,
 Cheeks like the Morning, and far-beaming Eyes;
 Her Neck refulgent—fair and feeble Arms,
 A Set of useless and neglected Charms.
 She suffers Hardship with afflictive Moans:
 Small Tasks of Labour suit her slender Bones.
 Beneath a Load her weary Shoulders yield,
 Nor can her Fingers grasp the founding Shield;
 She fees and trembles at approaching Harms,
 And Fear and Grief destroy her fading Charms.
 Then her pale Lips no pearly Teeth disclose,
 And Time's rude Sickle cuts the yielding Rose.
 Thus wretched Woman's short-liv'd Merit dies:
 In vain to Wisdom's sacred Help she flies;
 Or sparkling Wit but lends a feeble Aid:
 'Tis all Delirium from a wrinkled Maid.

A tattling Dame, no matter where, or who;
 Me it concerns not—and it need not you;
 Once told this Story to the listening Muse,
 Which we, as now it serves our Turn, shall use.

When our Grandfire † nam'd the feather'd Kind,
 Pond'ring their Natures in his careful Mind,
 'Twas then, if on our Author we rely,
 He view'd his Confort with an envious Eye;
 Greedy of Pow'r, he hugg'd the tott'ring Throne;
 Pleased with Homage, and would reign alone;
 And, better to secure his doubtful Rule,
 Roll'd his wife Eye-balls, and pronounc'd her *Fool*.
 The regal Blood to distant Ages runs:
 Sires, Brothers, Husbands, and commanding Sons,
 The Sceptre claim; and ev'ry Cottage brings
 A long Succession of Domestic Kings.

† Mrs. Leapor frequently writes the Words *Sire, Fire, Spire, Hour*, &c. each as if two Syllables.

His discontented Thoughts began to rove



MORSUS; or, *The Castle-Builder.*

IN Days of yore, ere Britons grew too wise
To court proud Fortune, or believe in Lyes,
A Youth was born, his Father's only Son
(Well for his Sire he had no more than one).
This good old Man with Pleasure us'd to range
O'er the small Limits of his peaceful Grange;
His Calves and Oxen were his only Care,
His homely Servants, and his smiling Heir.
Now tall and strait the prattling Infant grew;
A sprightly Boy, with Cheeks of crimson Hue.
His Father plac'd him in a Country School,
To learn *Division*, and the *Golden Rule*:
But when the fair aspiring Youth began
To walk on Tiptoe to the Verge of Man;

His

His discontented Thoughts began to rove
 Beyond the Prospect of his Father's Grove.
 In vain the Hawthorn spreads her snowy Pride,
 And the pale Lily gilds the Fountain-Side:
 He loaths the Country, and his Fellow Swains;
 For mighty Projects fill his working Brains:
 And when black Shade invests the sleepy Sky,
 And the still Herds on dewy Hillocks lie;
 When restless Nature finds herself repos'd,
 And lazy Eyelids are in Slumber clos'd;
 Then Fancy bore the metamorphos'd Swain
 Far from his Neat-herds, and despised Plain;
 By Slaves attended; drawn by shining Wheels;
 With flowing Purple at his graceful Heels;
 With royal Gold his manly Temples crown'd;
 And thus the *Monarch* took his awful Round;
 Till spiteful Morning rais'd her Infant Brow,
 And call'd the *Prince* to guide his slavish Plough,

But

But still to Court our happy Youth could speed
 Without th'Assistance of Inchanter's Reed;
 Sometimes a-hunting with his Lordship ride,
 Or loll on Couches, wrapt in filken Pride:
 But when the Soul her gay Excursions made,
 His stupid Limbs forgot their usual Trade;
 In solemn Pauses he would often stand,
 And drop the Pitch-fork from his careless Hand.
 This strange Behaviour much amaz'd his Sire,
 And oft the Cause his Fondness would enquire:
 The tattling Gossips too their Censures move:
 Some call'd it Phrensy, and some thought it Love.

It happen'd on a Summer's lovely Morn,
 As musing *Mopsus* wander'd through the Corn,
 Where nodding Poppies dropt with pearly Dew,
 And the pure Æther wore a healthy Blue;
 His Ear was grated by a noisy Train,
 Who call'd for Pity in a canting Strain.

One subtle Beldam, of the swarthy Band,
Said with a Smile—and gently grasp'd his Hand;
I'll tell thee what shall hap in future Days,
How thou by Marriage shalt thy Fortune raise:
I'll tell thee too what Love-sick Maids shall die,
For those sweet Features, and that leering Eye.
This pretty Jargon won the cheated Clown,
Who sily dropt the Sibyl Half a Crown.
The Pelf with Joy the fable Matron view'd;
Then bless'd her Patron, and her Tale pursu'd.
Lay down thy Fork, and throw thy Scrip aside;
I see, my Lad, I see thy wealthy Bride;
See her gilt Chariot cut the smoaking Fields,
And twelve gay Youths attend the gaudy Wheels.
She's tall, with Skin as fair as dropping Snow;
And her black Eyes are like the ripen'd Sloe.
Ah, lucky Youth!—my noble Lord, I mean,
Go change your Dress, and leave the rustic Plain;
For the next Journey you shall take, be sure
You'll find this Lady at her Father's Door.

Observe her well : I told you she was fair :
 Her Eyes are black, and so's her curling Hair :
 Take Courage, Lad : Pursue her close, my Son :
 Fair Ladies never are by Cowards won.
 This said, they part : The Matron takes her Way
 O'er the brown Fields, in Search of further Prey.
 Mute stood the Youth--This pleasing Picture brought
 The bright *Alethia* to his roving Thought ;
Alethia fair, by shining Peers ador'd,
 The wealthy Heiress of a neighb'ring Lord.
 'Tis true, the Virgin is of high Degree :
 But who shall alter what the Fates decree ?
 Transported, *Mopsus* to his Home return'd,
 Where his swell'd Heart with Expectation burn'd :
 In vain his Mother wholesome Meat provides ;
 For down his Throat no sav'ry Morsel glides ;
 Till to his Bed the tired Sun withdrew,
 And summon'd *Mopsus* to his Chamber too.
 There, with disorder'd Limbs, and waking Eyes,
 Stretch'd on his Couch, the fev'rish Lover lies.

So deathless Heroes, as Romances show,
 Nor Calls of Sleep, nor pinching Hunger know;
 But with thin Diet mere Immortals grow.

Old Night had more than half her Progress run;
 The Stars grew paler at the distant Sun;
 The chearful East was streak'd with lighter Grey;
 And the shrill Lark began to look for Day;
 The Sky was clear, the Zephyrs gently blew;
 When daring *Mopsus* left the sleeping Crew.
 With Face clean wash'd, and in his best Array,
 In quest of Fortune, took his desp'rate Way.

Five Miles from hence, upon a rising Plain,
 Rich with green Furrows of the promis'd Grain,
 A shining Palace met the ravish'd Eye,
 Whose gilded Spires seem'd to reach the Sky.
 The great *Coreilus* did inhabit there,
Alethia's Father, and a gen'rous Peer.

It

It chanc'd this Morn, that, restless in her Mind,
Alethia rose before her usual *Time**;
 And to the Park, alone, she took her Way,
 To share the Beauties of the infant Day,
 While *Phæbus* darted from his blazing Wheels
 His slanting Rays along the glist'ring Fields:
 Across that Path the Virgin chanc'd to roam,
 Which led our *Mopsus* tow'rd the lofty Dome.
 The Youth, whose Features own'd the mute Surprise,
 Stood like a *Post**, and fix'd his stupid Eyes:
 The conscious Nymph beheld him with a Frown;
 And turn'd aside, to shun the gazing Clown:
 But *Mopsus* follow'd, and *resolv'd** to try,
 Nor let th'Occasion pass neglected by.
 He first accosts her with a Scrape profound,
 And made his Bonnet kiss the humble Ground.

* In the Original, a Pin is stuck against the Word *Time*; also, against the Words, *Stood like a Post*; and a little lower, against the Word *resolv'd*; which seem intended to be alter'd for some other, had the Authress lived to revise her Works.

Where-ever the Pin is found for the future, an Asterisk [*] will be inserted.

“ Madam, I find the Gipsy’s Words are true;

“ And my kind Stars have sent me here to You :

“ It must be You, because you are so fair :

“ Your Eyes are black, and so’s your curling Hair.

“ I pray forgive me—Though my Birth be low,

“ ’Tis vain to struggle with the Fates, you know.”

This broken Speech the Virgin heard with Pain,

Nor guess’d the Meaning of the simple Swain ;

But judg’d of *Mopsus* by the common Rule,

And fear’d the Villain lurk’d beneath the Fool.

Then for Relief she rais’d a fearful Cry :

The frighted Servants to their Mistress fly.

The soft Valet that scented of Perfume,

The sturdy Keeper, and the dirty Groom,

On wretched *Mopsus* each his Fury throws,

And round his Temples rain’d a Storm of Blows ;

Hands, Canes, and Clubs together chiming in,

Till his Bones rattled in his batter’d Skin.

Then

Then forely bruis'd, they drag the Youth along,
 Whose Eyes alone implore the cruel Throng;
 For mighty Fear had stopt his feeble Tongue. }

The Slaves, obedient to their Master's Call,
 Conduct their Victim to the spacious Hall:
Coreilus frown'd, and with a haughty Air
 First ask'd his Name, and next his Business there.
 The Youth, whose Cheeks betray'd his growing Fears,
 From his wan Eye-balls pour'd a Flood of Tears,
 Confess'd the Project of his teeming Brain,
 And told the late Adventure of the Plain. }
 Then smil'd the Baron, and address'd the Swain:
 My Lord——your Servant—for not less, I find,
 No meaner Title suits your lofty Mind:
 But you must learn to use refulgent Arms,
 E'er you can merit bright *Alethia's* Charms;
 To march thro' Desarts, and with Monsters fight,
 And share the Labours of a doughty Knight;

Make trembling Nations to her Beauty yield,
And summon Giants to the hostile Field:
By this our sturdy Fathers us'd to prove
Their Right to Fame, and to their Ladies Love;
Tho' of their Deeds the long-revolving Years
Have left no Witness, but their rusty Spears;
And our rebellious Sons refuse to quake
At *Arthur's* Name, or *Lanc'lot* of the Lake:
But I expect, before you claim your Prize,
My fair *Alethia*, with the charming Eyes,
That you exceed them in the Slaying Trade,
And spit fell Dragons on your smoking Blade.
If these Conditions shake your flitting Mind,
Then still be *Mopsus*, and a peaceful Hind:
Range o'er your Fields, and keep your snowy Fold
From Summer Surfeits, and the Winter's Cold:
Let thy white Pigs and tender Poultry share
Thy lov'd Assistance, and thy daily Care:
From hungry Vermin guard thy Autumn Store,
And trust those tawny Oracles no more.

Here ceas'd the Baron; but the noisy Train
 With loud Huzza's pursue the baffled Swain;
 Who fought his Cottage with afflicted Mind,
 And left *Alethia* and the Rout behind.

Now wretched *Mopsus* through the neighb'ring
 Towns,
 The Sport of Milkmaids, and the Jest of Clowns,
 Abhors the Beams of all-reviving Light,
 And hides in Corners, like the Bird of Night.

Twice three revolving Moons their Course had run,
 Since our sad Hero last beheld the Sun:
 But those low Buildings, that his Limbs confin'd,
 Were much too base to hold his lofty Mind.
 His roving Spirit took her usual Rounds,
 O'er distant Mountains, and majestic Towns;
 From Place to Place romantic Fancy flew;
 But *London* glitter'd in the fairest View;

And strong Desires led his panting Soul,
 To feast where *Thames'* renowned Waters roll.
 His Temper ne'er was taught to brook Delay:
 He thinks, resolves, and meditates the Way.

When the still Village took its usual Rest,
 And vexing Care had left the Peasant's Breast:
 When drowsy *Robin* on his Couch repos'd,
 And *Sally's* Eyelids were in Slumber clos'd;
 Then Fancy drew before his rolling Brain
 The gay Delusions of a shining Dream:
 His mimic Steeds conduct the Youth with Ease
 To Balls, Assemblies, Drawing-rooms, and Plays.
 Before him now those pompous Scenes appear,
 Which in Description charm'd his ravish'd Ear:
 He dines with Lords on Plates of solid Gold,
 And talks with Ladies he must ne'er behold.
 One pictur'd Beauty pleas'd the cheated Boy;
 Fair as *Aethia*, and not half so coy:

But,

But, as he reach'd to grasp the blooming Fair,
 His baffled Arms enfold a neighb'ring Chair.
 The rough Embrace awoke the starting Swain,
 And put a *Finis* to the golden Dream:
 Then, rising hastily, he resolv'd to fly
 Beneath the Covert of the dusky Sky.
 Thought only makes our Enterprizes cool;
 And daring *Mopsus* scorn'd to live by Rule:
 But yet he fear'd his Purse would scarce defray
 The doubtful Charges of the tedious Way.
 Then fraudulent Need, that waits on each Degree,
 The Thief's Temptation, and the Poet's Fee,
 Instructed careful *Mopsus*, where to run,
 And, without Bond, receive the useful Sum.
 His good old Sire had in his Coffer told
 Thrice ten Broad-pieces of refulgent Gold;
 Which for his Landlord in bright Order lay,
 And only wait their Doom at Quarter-Day:
 These *Mopsus* wisely in his Pocket stow'd,
 Smil'd at their Weight, and shook the pleasing Load,

24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Then with soft Pace he trod the founding Floor,
 And last with Caution shut the creaking Door.
 Farewel, he cry'd, low Roofs, and humble Walls!
 Me kinder Stars and better Fortune calls
 To stately Castles, and to shining Halls. }
 Now Chanticleer more loud began to sing,
 Stretch'd his long Neck, and clapp'd his joyful Wing,
 Till to his Voice the little Roofs rebound,
 And the Clock answer'd with a solemn Sound.
 Three times the Hammer struck the jarring Bell,
 When jolly *Mopsus* took his long Farewel,
 And sped his Way to that majestic Town,
 Where *Paul's* fair Temple rears its lofty Crown.
 Five Days did he the toilsome March pursue,
 With sparing Diet, and Adventures few:
 But the sixth Morn before his ravish'd Eyes
 Through smoaky Clouds the haughty Buildings rise.
 Now Hunger calls; an Ill he fain would cure;
 But none invite him through their friendly Door;
 And

And *Mopsus*, who was lately taught to fear,
 Thought ev'ry Mansion held a scornful Peer.
 From Street to Street he wander'd thro' the Croud,
 Much wond'ring how they durst to bawl so loud:
 He'd often start, expecting ev'ry Scream
 Would wake a Countess in her Morning Dream.

Now *Chloe*, who sat up till Four at Play,
 Made shift by Twelve to rise, and drink her Tea.
 The busy Footmen with their How-d'ye's run:
 The Park grew brilliant, and the rolling Sun
 In his meridian Throne began to shine,
 And *Mopsus*' Stomach call'd aloud for Chine.
 Then by a Stall, where tempting Apples lay,
 He took his Station, and resolv'd to stay,
 Till Fortune, still propitious to the Bold,
 Should lead him somewhere, e'er the Meat was cold.
 It chanc'd a rev'rend Dame was passing by,
 Who cast on *Mopsus* an experienc'd Eye.

This

This Matron had, as by her Face *appears*,
In public Service spent her youthful Years:
Now grown too ugly in herself to please,
She thrives by Trade, and takes her needful Ease.
She understood her Business to a Hair;
Knew to a Penny what her Stocks would bear:
When ruin'd Beauty to her Mart came in;
A wise Director in the Bank of Sin.
This Beldam view'd him as an easy Prey,
That little Pains required to betray:
Drew near the Serpent, and her practis'd Guile,
With a low Court'sy, and a fawning Smile.
Hail, Fortune's Fav'rite, whom she courts so young!
Fresh as the Fields from whence thy Beauty sprung!
I come, induc'd by charitable Laws,
To plead in Love and Beauty's gentle Cause.
A Nymph there is, excelling half her Kind,
In charming Features, and a sprightly Mind.
Nay, more, attend to what I next unfold;
Ten thousand Pounds of all-enchanting Gold

A doating Grandame left her, when she dy'd:
 How blest the Youth that wins the blooming Bride!
 But let me now thy strict Attention hold;
 For 'Truths like these should be in Whispers told:
 Thy artless Charms have won the smiling Dame,
 Who for thy sake refuses Wealth and Fame.
 Now speak thy Mind, sweet Youth, and let me bear
 A gentle Sentence to the doubting Fair.

At this Confusion seiz'd the ravish'd Swain;
 He bow'd, and blush'd; and blush'd, and bow'd
 again.
 The subtle Dame beheld him at a Stand,
 And with a Smile she grasp'd his willing Hand.
 Come on, she cries; the fair Occasion calls.
 And led the Shepherd to her smoaky Walls,
 Where *Celia* waited, in her Best array'd;
Celia, the fair, the wretched, ruin'd Maid,
 Whose fatal Charms an early Conquest 'came;
 A young Proficient in the School of Shame.

28 POEMS on several Occasions.

This guileful Nymph receiv'd the simple Swain
 With feign'd Confusion, and a bashful Mien:
 But Dreams of Glory fill'd the ravish'd Boy,
 And his flush'd Features own'd the present Joy.
 He struts already with imagin'd Fame,
 And gaz'd with Rapture on the shining Dame:
 And now are lost in *Celia's* charming Face
Alethia's Conquest, and his own Disgrace.

But, Dinner comes; Ragouts and Fricasies
 With Sawces stronger than a *Dutchman's* Cheese,
 Are serv'd together in a smoking Row;
 To hungry *Mopsus* a delightful Show:
 Next, ruddy Wine the sprightly Banquet crown'd;
 And then soft Voices to enchanting Sound;
 While our brisk Youth, unread in future Harms,
 In the gay Bumpers toasted *Celia's* Charms.
 But now the Fumes ascend his glowing Brain,
 And mighty Sleep arrests the feeble Swain:

His.

His careless Head against the Table fell,
And his dim Eye-balls bid the World farewell:
With Joy the Damsel heard her Victim snore,
And from his Purse extracts the shining Ore.

It chanc'd a Thief had lately 'scap'd the Hands
Of frowning Justice, and her awful Bands:
To these fam'd Walls the Villain seem'd to steer,
And, as suspected, found his Refuge there:
The raging Crew pursue their destin'd Game,
And search the Mansion of the guilty Dame.
The House was clear'd of all; they only found
Unhappy *Mopsus* sleeping on the Ground.
A Place there is, at whose unpleasing Name
Starts the pale Sinner, and his frightened Dame;
Where the hard Wretch, whom Lectures ne'er could
charm,
Is taught Repentance by a Ruler's Arm;
While lifted Hammers make the Roofs rebound,
And swelling Curses aid the dreadful Sound.

Here

30 POEMS on several Occasions.

Here these relentless drag the trembling Swain,
In spite of Pray'rs, and Tears that flow in vain;
For tho' no Witness of his Guilt appear,
'Twas thought sufficient that they found him there.

Now *Mopsus*, weeping for his native Bow'rs,
Exclaims at Fate, and blames the cruel Pow'rs;
His injur'd Father to his Soul appears,
And his sick Eyes behold a Mother's Tears.
He sighs for Pity; but his Sighs are vain:
No Friend was near, to aid the starving Swain:
Against pale Hunger 'twas in vain to stand:
He wrote a Letter with his trembling Hand,
Whose homely Phrase in little, writ, could show
A Son's Misfortunes, and a Father's Woe;
Exploring * how he must in Prison die
Without their Mercy, and a small Supply.
These Lines arriv'd, to wound a Father's Eyes:
And his sad Mother fills the Air with Cries:

Her

Her stately Cheeses in a trice were sold :
Her Husband turn'd his Oxen into Gold :
Then, with a Caution to be wild no more,
They to their Darling send the welcome Ore.
Now struts the Youth—His Sufferings at an End ;
The Prince of *Bridewel*, and the Ruler's Friend.
A pow'rful Guinea brib'd the Keeper's Will :
He gain'd his Freedom ; and the Law was still.

A Peer there was within the Skirts of Fame,
A Viscount ; *Simper* was the Hero's Name ;
A gentle Lord, much honour'd by the Fair
For his rich Sword-knot, and his curling Hair.
This Chief, while luckless *Mopsus* was confin'd,
Had learn'd the Story of our wand'ring Hind :
A Fool he wanted long ; but never yet
Judg'd one so aptly for his Purpose fit.
Whether by Chance, or by the Fates Decree,
Uncertain, *Mopsus*—but he fix'd on thee.

A Sage he *hir'd*, whose deeply-thoughtful Skull
Could teach the Vulgar when the Moon was full;
Who scatter'd Hate among the friendly Stars,
And made e'en *Venus* retrograde to *Mars*.
His Lordship posted this prophetic Seer
Away to *Mopsus*, with a fawning Leer,
To shew his Art, and for a little Sum
Inform our Youth of Ages yet to come.
This luckless Shepherd, who would fain be wise,
On the Mock-Wizard fix'd his ardent Eyes;
Three times he bow'd, and bless'd the awful Man:
This Greeting past—Sir *Sidrophel* began.
O happy Youth! Couldst thou behold, like me,
What the kind Stars have now in Store for thee!
What Time fair *Venus* triumph'd o'er thy *Form*,*
In the same House a noble Lord was born.
Nay, hold—cries *Mopsus*—by my Father's Sins,
I think you're wrong—my Mother ne'er had Twins:
I came that Year my Father built his Barns;
Old *Winfred* bore me squalling in her Arms.

'Twas *Valentine*, of all the Days i'th' Year,
As I remember; sure no Lord was there.

Here smil'd the Sage—and thus pursu'd his Tale:
Nay, pr'ythee mind me; for I seldom fail.
This noble Lord, the Axle of your Fate,
'Tis he must raise you from your humble State.
But stay—methinks I see a double Cause:
O, now I find; there's Marriage in the Clause:
His Lordship's Sister—Yes, it must be She.
When this shall come to pass—remember me.

Here ceas'd the Oracle—The ravish'd Boy,
Whose sparkling Eyes confess'd the welcome Joy,
Two Guineas gave—and whisper'd in his Ear,
On Marriage-Day Two hundred Pounds a Year.

Next comes a Footman, with obsequious Mien;
Strait as a Lath, and as a Pasture, green;

34 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Two Pounds of Powder round his Temples spread,
 And pale as *Mario*, when his Finger bled.
 Good Master *What-d'-ye-call*, if that's your Name;
 My Business is with you—Yes, Sir, the same.
 Why then, in brief, my Lord has sent to call
 Your charming Presence to his stately Hall;
 And, if you please, I'd lead you with me now.
 The ravish'd Shepherd answer'd with a Bow.
 Now joyful *Mopsus* blest'd the Fates again;
 All his past Sufferings seem an idle Dream;
 And the sly Guardian led his simple Ward
 To the proud Palace of his wanton Lord.
 The wond'ring Boy, with Rapture and Surprise,
 Round the gay Parlours roll'd his dazled Eyes;
 Where gaudy Carpets press the aking Sight,
 And the Pier-Glass reflects a glaring Light.
 There gilt Buffets their shining Doors unfold,
 And here soft Paintings, in a Verge of Gold.
 Now thro' his Brain the usual Vapours fly,
 From the sage Prophet to the Gypsy's Lye;

Quick

Quick and more quick the nimble Spirits flow,
And fanfy'd Honours round his Temples glow.

But see, my Lord, in courtly Dishabille,
Just wak'd from Dreams of Hazard and Quadrille;
At ev'ry Step he took a lazy Yawn,
And his pale Cheek confess'd the Morning Qualm;
First turn'd aside, and whisper'd with his Man;
And then his Lordship with a Smile began:
Accept an Office, gentle Swain, he cry'd,
Which Numbers seek, and Crouds have been deny'd:
A tender Charge I to your Care consign,
A beauteous Sister, and that Sister mine.
Your Faith I ask, and only That desire,
The first Perfection of a Lady's 'Squire.
Your Task is only to oblige the Fair;
A soft Employment, and a pleasing Care:
Consult your Ease; —*'tis much the same to me:
Chuse what you like, and let your Choice be free.

Here ceas'd the Baron—but the gazing Boy
 Stood wrapt in Visions of ecstatic Joy :
 Loft in Amaze, his Tongue could hardly stir ;
 But softly answer'd— At your Service, Sir.

Now *Phyllis* comes, who with her blasted Fame
 Had lost the Virtue, and the Sense of Shame ;
 Agrees to wed the Fool her Lord prescribes,
 Won by soft Language, and persuasive Bribes,
 To wander through the tedious Path of Life
 A slighted Mistress, and an odious Wife.
 Miss *Philly* plays the Prude—looks wond'rous grave,
 While the good Lord presents her humble Slave ;
 Scarce deigns to smile ; but with a Toss or two
 Cries, with a Pish, Perhaps the Wretch may do.
 Now * *dup'd* Valet, and scented with Perfume,
 Our *Mopsus* follow'd to his Lady's Room :
 But the chang'd Tyrant seems more humble now,
 And softer Smiles adorn her gentle Brow :

But

But the shock'd Youth stood gazing at the Fair,
 Who call'd for Combs, and spread her shining Hair:
 Thro' Fear and Haste he stumbles o'er the Stools:
 The Lady laughs, and calls him fifty Fools:
 She asks for Powder, Patches, Paints, and Creams:
 Her Servant stares, and wonders what she means.

Next Morning, ere the Sun's refulgent Eye
 Had warm'd the Curtains of the blushing Sky;
 While sleeping *Mopsus* on his Couch was laid,
 Beside his Pillow stood a gentle Maid:
 A Billet-doux her better Hand supplies;
 She calls—he starting, rubb'd his drowsy Eyes;
 Then takes the Paper, and transported sees
 The Back subscrib'd—To gentle *Mopsus*, These.
 The Phrase was such as warm Romance inspires,
 Compos'd of Tortures, Racks, and Darts, and Fires:
 The Subject-matter, which the Lines contain,
 Was but a Challenge to the simple Swain;

38 POEMS on several Occasions.

That if he durst to meet the desp'rate Fair
In yonder Chapel, ere the Hour of Pray'r;
The ready Priest should bind their faithful Hands,
She hopes in blisful—but in lasting Bands.
Then haste! O haste! Prevent the growing Day;
For thousand Dangers wait the least *Delay*.*

The Youth, transported in the last Extreme,
Still rubb'd his Eyes, and fear'd 'twas all a Dream:
Then started from his Bed; but while he drest,
Hugg'd the dear Billet to his glowing Breast.

Now eager *Mopsus* to the Chapel run;
Nor stay'd the Witness of the rising Sun;
Where *Phyllis* waited in her shining Pride,
And the fall'n Mistress there commenc'd a Bride:
But soon, too soon, the disappointed Boy
Found a quick Period to his promis'd Joy.

Now

Now swells with Laughter the insulting Peer;
 Pale *Mopsus* trembles, and the Servants sneer;
 But, undeceiv'd, what Soul-distracting Pain,
 What sobbing Anguish, fill'd the mourning Swain,
 Who found, instead of Coronets and Fame,
 His Countess dwindled to a Hackney Dame!
 Then, doubly wretched, from the Roofs of Pride
 The Youth retires with his mincing Bride,
 And sought a Lodging, nearest to the Sky;
 For, tho' dejected, still his Aim was high:
 There, when five Nights had their dark Progress run,
 The sixth gay Morning brought a smiling Son.
 But *Mopsus*, cold with Sorrow and Surprise,
 Gaz'd on the Infant with affrighted Eyes:
 The careful Nurse rich Cordials must prepare
 For his sick Lady, and adopted Heir;
 While with Affliction, better guess'd than told,
 The sighing Husband mourns the flying Gold.

At length his Spouse bewails her Loss of Time,
 Neglected Beauties, and declining Prime:
 Must She, who has by more prevailing Charms
 Divorc'd a Countess from her Husband's Arms;
 Whom Practice taught, and Nature form'd to please;
 In a loath'd Garret spend her irksome Days?
 No; let the Prude, that never walk'd astray,
 'Cause none would tempt her from the dubious Way,
 Grow lean with Railing, and with Envy pine;
 Be charming Freedom and soft Plenty mine.
 Thus she: And Fortune seconds her Desire;
 She grows the Darling of a keeping 'Squire;
 And the soft Dame, who from the polish'd Times
 Had learn'd, that Starving was the worst of Crimes,
 Resolves to leave her Spouse, and little Son,
 To shine once more, before her Glass was run.

Thus

Thus happier *Mopsus* lost the Scourge of Life
 (So Unbelievers often term a Wife) :
 The slighted Infant too resign'd its Breath,
 And sought * its Refuge in the Arms of Death.
 Now pressive Want induc'd the longing Swain,
 Once more to seek his late despised Plain :
 According *, ere the regent Prince of Day
 Through the cold *Scorpion* drove his short'ned Ray,
 Repentant *Mopsus* trudg'd before the Wind,
 And left the City and his Woes behind.
 No shining Slaves his weary Steps attend,
 A Scrip his Substance, and a Staff his Friend :
 No more these Visions in his Bosom swell;
 For his sick Heart has bid the Court Farewel.
 At length, with Visage pale, and Garments poor,
 The Youth appear'd before his Father's Door :
 Their Neighbours hail the late-returning Boy :
 His Father clasp'd him with a Parent's Joy :

His

His Mother's Eyes with Tears of Pleasure run ;
 She drops her Knitting, to embrace her Son.

Here with calm Virtue, and a peaceful Mind,
 In rural Plenty, dwells the sober Hind :
 His equal Days in one smooth Tenor run ;
 The same at rising as declining Sun :
 No more Delusions in his Fancy rise,
 Grown grave by Sorrow ; by Experience wise.





An Epistle to Artemisia. On FAME.

SAY, *Artemisia*, do the Slaves of Fame
Deserve our Pity, or provoke our Blame?
Whose airy Hopes, like some new-kindled Fire,
A Moment blaze, and then in Smoke expire;
Or like a Babe i'th' midst of Plenty cry,
And leave their Supper for a painted Fly.

Bold *Maro* paints her of gigantic Size,
And makes her Forehead prop the lofty Skies;
With Eyes and Ears he hung the Lady round,
And her shrill Clarion shook the Heavens around:
Then worthy Names the trembling Notes prolong,
And Actions blazing in immortal Song;
But, weary now, and grown an antient Maid,
Her Strength exhausted, and her Lungs decay'd;

Her

Her unspread Wings resign their plummy Pride,
 And her hoarse Trumpet dangles by her Side.
 A Handmaid leads the purblind Dame along,
 Black *Slander* call'd, with never-ceasing Tongue ;
 And when this Servant whispers in her Ears,
 She to her Mouth the heavy Trumpet rears :
 The rattling Concave sends a horrid Cry,
 And smoking Scandals hiss along the Sky ;
 Yet round her still the supple Vot'ries croud,
 And pay Devotion to a painted Cloud :
 The fond *Ixions* spread their longing Arms,
 And grasp a Vapour for a *Juno's* Charms.

The Hero brave, that never knew to shun
 The pointed Cannon, or the bursting Gun,
 Of Bruises vain, and prodigal of Scars,
 Returns from Pillage, and successful Wars.
 But if the sullen Rout refuse to pay
 The vulgar Triumphs of a noisy Day,

To his sad Bosom pale Despondence creeps,
 And the stern Soldier like an Infant weeps :
 Caballing Sceptics shake the frighted Gown,
 And Poets tremble at an Idiot's Frown :
 The Scorn of Fools can pierce a noble Heart,
 And wound an Author in the tend'rest Part.

Rich *Merrio* thought, like Eastern Kings, to raise
 By lofty Columns everlasting Praise ;
 His broad Foundations half the Field surround,
 And Piles of Timber load the sinking Ground.
 This Heav'n beheld, and smil'd at seeing Man,
 Whose Joy is Vapour, and whose Life a Span,
 Who Death's black Warrant ev'ry Moment fears,
 Still building Castles for a thousand Years.
 On this grand Wretch was pass'd an early Doom ;
 And *Merrio*, summon'd to the silent Gloom,
 Feels, ere his Eyes behold the glowing Spires,
 The Stroke of Fate, and with a Sigh expires.

46 POEMS on several Occasions.

All reas'ning Creatures, tho' by different Ways,
 Would prove their Title to a Share of Praise.
Cornelia's Praise consists in plaiting well;
Pastora's Fingers at a Knot excel:
 Her gaudy Ribbands gay *Sabina* furls;
 But looks with Envy on *Aurelia's* Curls.

Unhappy *Delia* thought, a shining Gown
 Would gain Respect, and win the gazing Town;
 But *Envy* rose, to clip her rising Wings;
 And, grinning ghastly (as the Poet sings),
 In *Claudia's* Shape dissolv'd the Lady's Pride,
 And silyly whisper'd, *Delia's* Gown is dy'd.

Ev'n *Mira's* Self, presuming on the Bays,
 Appears among the Candidates for Praise:
 Has watch'd Applause, as from the Lips it fell;
 With what Success?—Why, that the Muse shall tell.
 May *Artemisia* not refuse to hear!
 For Praise could ne'er offend her gentle Ear.

I count the Patrons of my early Song,
 And pay the Tribute to their Shares belong :
 What Sorrows too oppress'd the Muse's Wing,
 Till your Good-nature gave her Strength to sing !

Once *Delpho* read—Sage *Delpho*, learn'd and wise,
 O'er the scrawl'd Paper cast his judging Eyes,
 Whose lifted Brows confess'd a Critic's Pride,
 While his broad Thumb mov'd nimbly down the
 Side.

His Form was like some Oracle profound :
 The list'ning Audience form'd a Circle round :
 But *Mira*, fixing her presuming Eyes
 On the stern Image, thus impatient cries :
 Sir, will they prosper?—Speak your Judgment, pray.
 Replies the Statue—Why, perhaps they may.
 For further Answers we in vain implore :
 The Charm was over, and it spoke no more.

Cressida comes, the next unbidden Guest ;
 Small was her Top-knot, and her Judgment less :
 A decent Virgin, blest with idle Time,
 Now gingles Bobbins ; and now ponders Rhime :
 Not ponders—reads —Not reads—but looks 'em o'er
 To little Purpose, like a thousand more.

“ Your Servant, *Molly* ”.

“ I am yours the same ”.

“ I pay this Visit, *Molly*, to your Fame :

“ 'Twas That that brought me here ; or let me die.”

“ My Fame's oblig'd : And truly so am I ”.

“ Then fetch me something ; for I must not stay

“ Above four Hours ”.

“ But you'll drink some Tea ” ?

We sip, and read ; we laugh, and chat between.

“ The Air is pleasant, and the Fields are green.

“ My

“ Well, *Molly*, sure, there never was thy Fellow.

“ But don’t my Ruffles look exceeding yellow?

“ My Apron’s dirty—*Mira*, well, I vow,

“ That Thought of yours was very pretty now.

“ I’ve read the like, tho’ I forget the Place:

“ But, Mrs. *Mira*, How-d’ye like my Lace?”

Afflicted *Mira*, with a languid Eye,

Now views the Clock, and now the Western Sky.

“ The Sun grows lower: Will you please to walk?

“ No; read some more.”

“ But I had rather talk.”

“ Perhaps you’re tired.”

“ Truly that may be.”

“ Or think me weak.”

“ Why, *Cressy*, Thoughts are free.”

At last we part, with Congees at the Door:

“ I’d thank you, *Mira*; but my Thanks are poor.

“ I wish, alas! But Wishes are in vain.

“ I like your Garden; and I’ll come again.

“ Dear, how I wish ! — I do, or let me die,

“ That we liv’d near ”

—Thinks *Mira*, “ So don’t I.”

‘This Nymph, perhaps, as some had done before,
Found the cold Welcome, and return’d no more.

Then *Vido* next to *Mira*’s Cott appears,
And with soft Praise salutes her list’ning Ears ;
Whose Maxim was, with Truth not to offend,
And, right or wrong, his Bus’ness to commend.
Look here, cries *Mira* ; pray peruse this Song :
Ev’n I, its Parent, see there’s something wrong.

“ But you mistake : ’Tis excellent indeed.”

“ Then I’ll correct it.”

“ No, there is no Need.”

“ Pray, *Vido*, look on these : Methinks they smell

“ Too much of *Grub-street* : That myself can tell.”

“ Not so indeed, they’re easy and polite.

“ And can you bear ’em?”

“ I could read till Night.”

But *Mira*, tho' too partial to the Bays,
 And, like her Brethren, not averſe to Praise,
 Had learn'd this Leſſon : Praise, if planted wrong,
 Is more destructive than a ſpiteful Tongue.

Comes *Codrus* next, with Talents to offend ;
 A ſimple Tutor, and a faucy Friend,
 Who pour'd thick Sonnets like a troubled Spring,
 And ſuch as *Butler's* wide-mouth'd Mortals ſing :
 In ſhocking Rhimes a Nymph's Perfections tells,
 Like the harſh Ting-Tong of ſome Village-Bells.
 Then a rude Quarrel ſings thro' either Ear,
 And *Mira's* Levee once again is clear.

Now the dull Muſes took their uſual Reſt ;
 The Babes * ſlept ſoundly in their tiny Cheſt.
 Not ſo their Parent : Fortune ſtill would ſend
 Some proud Director, or ill-meaning Friend :

At least we thought their fowre Meanings ill,
Whose Lectures strove to cros a stubborn Will.

Parthenia cries, “Why, *Mira*, you are dull,
“And ever musing, till you crack your Skull;
“Still poking o’er your What-d’ye-call—your Muse:
“But pr’ythee, *Mira*, when dost clean thy Shoes?”

Then comes *Sophronia*, like a barb’rous Turk:
“You thoughtless Baggage, when d’ye mind your
Work?

“Still o’er a Table leans your bending Neck:
“Your Head will grow prepost’rous, like a Peck.
“Go, ply your Needle: You might earn your Bread;
“Or who must feed you when your Father’s dead?”

She sobbing answers, “Sure, I need not come

“To you for Lectures; I have store at home.

“What can I do?”

“—Not scribble.”

“—But I will.”

“Then get thee packing—and be aukward still.”

Thus

Thus wrapp'd in Sorrow, wretched *Mira* lay,
Till *Artemisia* swept the Gloom away:
The laughing Muse, by her Example led,
Shakes her glad Wings, and quits the drowsy Bed.

Yet some Impertinence pursues me still;
And so I fear it ever must, and will.
So soft *Pappilia* o'er the Table bends
With her small Circle of insipid Friends;
Who wink, and stretch, and rub their drowsy Eyes,
While o'er their Heads Imperial Dulness flies.

“ What can we do? We cannot stir for Show’rs:

“ Or what invent, to kill the irksome Hours?

“ Why, run to *Leapor*’s, fetch that idle Play:

“ ’Twill serve to laugh at all the live-long Day.”

Preferment great! To beat one’s weary Brains,
To find Diversion only when it rains!

Methinks I feel this coward Bosom glow :

Say, *Artemisia*, shall I speak, or no?

The Muse shall give herself no saucy Airs,

But only bid 'em softly—Read their Pray'rs.



Advice to SOPHRONIA.

WHEN Youth and Charms have ta'en their
wanton Flight,

And transient Beauty bids the Fair Good-night ;

When her once sparkling Eyes shall dimly roll ;

Then let the Matron dress her lofty Soul ;

Quit Affectation, Partner of her Youth,

For Goodness, Prudence, Purity, and Truth.

These Virtues will her lasting Peace prepare,

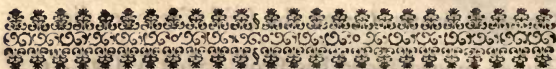
And give a Sanction to her Silver Hair.

These Precepts let the fond *Sophronia* prove,
 Nor vainly dress her blinking Eyes with Love.
 Can Roses flourish on a leafless Thorn,
 Or dewy Woodbines grace a wintry Morn?
 The weeping *Cupids* languish in your Eye;
 On your brown Cheek the sickly Beauties die.
 Time's rugged Hand has strok'd your Visage o'er;
 The gay Vermilion stains your Lip no more.
 None can with Justice now your Shape admire;
 The drooping Lilies on your Breast expire.
 Then, dear *Sophronia*, leave thy foolish Whims:
 Discard your Lover with your fav'rite Sins:
 Consult your Glas; then prune your wanton

Mind;

Nor furnish Laughter for succeeding Time.
 'Tis not your own; 'tis Gold's all-conqu'ring Charms
 Invites *Myrtillo* to your shrivell'd Arms:
 And shall *Sophronia*, whose once lovely Eyes
 Beheld those Triumphs which her Heart despis'd;

Who look'd on Merit with a haughty Frown ;
 At Five-and-fifty take a beardless Clown?
 Ye pitying Fates, this wither'd Damfel save,
 And bear her safely to her Virgin Grave.



*Proper Ingredients for the Head of a Beau,
 found amongst the Rules of Prometheus.*

FIRST, with Spring-Water, and unweary'd Pain,
 Cleanse the small Fibres, and take out the
 Brain ;

No Jot of Sense must in your Skull be found ;

But sixteen Pounds of Folly, nicely ground ;

A dozen Pound of Ignorance, or more,

Mixt up with Noise and Impudence good Store :

Infuse them softly o'er a mod'rate Heat ;

To which you add ten Pounds of Self-Conceit.

A little Learning you must take : Likewise
 Just as much Wit as on a Six-pence lies :
 A Drachm of Poetry may not be ill ;
 Two Pounds of Rhet'ric, with an Ounce of Skill.
 These, rightly manag'd, will expressly show
 That pleasing Trifle Mortals call a Beau :
 For each depending Pow'r, by Nature led,
 Will move spontaneous to its kingly Head :
 And when the Joints their usual Task begin,
 You'll see the Coxcomb shine in ev'ry Limb.





To LUCINDA. [August, 1746.]

Lucinda, Fav'rite of indulgent Heav'n,
To whom its Blessings are profusely giv'n;
By Nature with each useful Talent grac'd;
In an exalted Sphere by Fortune plac'd;
Where all that Art or Learning can bestow,
T' improve those Talents, 'tis thy Lot to know;

Thou, who hast ever been the poor Man's Friend,
Vouchsafe thy kind Protection to extend:
Accept this Tribute of a rural Maid,
Who longs, assisted by thy friendly Aid,
To noblest Themes her artless Voice to raise,
And strives to sing her Great Creator's Praise.
Like a poor Bird, who swells its little Throat,
And warbles forth its native untaught Note:

If chance some skilful Master tune the Reed,
To his rough Lay melodious Sounds succeed:
He learns th' harmonious Lesson to repeat,
Wond'ring to hear his Music grown so sweet;

Fain would I to *Lucinda's* Ear impart
How Reason dawn'd upon my Infant Heart,
Whilst in laborious Toils I spent my Hours,
Employ'd to cultivate the springing Flow'rs.
Happy, I cry'd, are those who Leisure find,
With Care, like this, to cultivate their Mind:
But partial Fate to me this Bliss denies,
To search for Knowledge with unweary'd Eyes;
To turn, well pleas'd, th' instructive Volume o'er;
The secret Springs of Science to explore;
And by the Taper's pale and trembling Light
In useful Studies to consume the Night.

'Tis not your Pomp, your Titles, or your State,
That move my Envy, O ye Rich and Great!

The noblest Gift God can on Man bestow,
Is teaching him his sacred Will to know :
Th' Almighty's sacred Will's to you reveal'd;
But from the Ignorant in Clouds conceal'd.
The Chains of Want forbid my Heart to rise,
When she would soar to reach her Kindred Skies.

While thus I spake, methought a Voice I heard,
Which all my Doubts remov'd, and Darkneſs clear'd :
Forbear, it cry'd, rash, impious Maid ! forbear
T' arraign thy Maker's providential Care :
Tho' different Stations are assign'd by Heav'n,
Virtue and Happineſs to all are giv'n.
When the bright Source of Life withdraws his Fires,
What if thou know'ſt not whither he retires,
Or whence returns to glad the teeming Earth ?
Thou ſeeſt his Preſence gives to all Things Birth :
Thou hear'ſt the Birds ſalute the riſing Day :
Thou feel'ſt the Warmth of his all-chearing Ray.

Learn

Learn hence the Lord of Nature to adore
 In all his Works : Say, can the Sage do more ?
 Or wouldst thou learn thy Passions to controul,
 To pierce the dark Recesses of the Soul ?
 Ev'n here the Lamp of Reason is thy Guide ;
 Nay more, th' Almighty has not here deny'd
 The blest Assistance of a clearer Light,
 To teach us how to shape tow'rd Heav'n our
 Flight :

One little Book the mighty Sum contains :
 To all alike their Father's Will explains :
 To all who with sincere and humble Hearts
 Resolve to seek him, God his Laws imparts.



AUGUST 1746.

O Thou Great Being, whom all Things obey,
 From the least Atom to the Globe of Day !

Whom

62 POEMS on several Occasions.

Whom (from blest *Europe* to the Pagan Shore)
Jews, Christians, Turks, in different Forms adore!
 Ev'n the blind Infidel, whose narrow Mind
 Was ne'er by Morals, nor by Arts refin'd;
 Who frames his Deity of temper'd Clay,
 Or hails a Serpent at the rising Day;
 Is surely by his glimm'ring Reason told
 There's something further than his Eyes behold:
 And when he bows before the lifeless Stone,
 His Heart pays Homage to the God Unknown.

O Thou, have Mercy on the wretched Bands,
 Who to their Fellows lift their weary Hands
 In vain—for Pity (that celestial Guest)
 Is found but seldom in a Victor's Breast.

See gazing Crouds the trembling Wretch deride,
 Who stands arraign'd before the Seats of Pride;
 Whose Pageant Forms delay the destin'd Blow,
 As Death were made for Pastime and for Show.

Who;

Who, without Sorrow, can a Sight behold
Of rattling Chains, and Cheeks with Horror cold;
Of mournful Peers insulted by their Slaves,
And Hundreds dragg'd from Dungeons to their Graves?
'Tis Justice calls, the stern Enthusiasts cry,
Who dress her up in Robes of purple Dye.
I love her Charms when softer they appear:
But O, she's ghastly, when she frowns severe!

What Crouds are there by Prejudice undone;
With Error blinded, and Persuasion won!
Some with a Friend have trod the fatal Way,
Whose Morals else were fair as rising Day:
These undistinguish'd with the Numbers die:
And do not These deserve a melting Eye?
Whose Fate embitters the succeeding Lives
Of their sad Orphans, and their widow'd Wives.
My Heart, no more—but thy own Business mind:
'Tis not for me—to regulate Mankind.



An Essay on WOMAN.

WOMAN—a pleasing, but a short-liv'd Flow'r,
Too soft for Business, and too weak for
Pow'r:

A Wife in Bondage, or neglected Maid;
Despis'd, if ugly; if she's fair—betray'd.
'Tis Wealth alone inspires ev'ry Grace,
And calls the Raptures to her plenteous Face.
What Numbers for those charming Features pine,
If blooming Acres round her Temples twine?
Her Lip the Strawberry; and her Eyes more
bright
Than sparkling *Venus* in a frosty Night.
Pale Lilies fade; and when the Fair appears,
Snow turns a Negro, and dissolves in Tears.

And

And where the Charmer treads her magic Toe,
 On *English* Ground *Arabian* Odours grow ;
 Till mighty *Hymen* lifts his sceptred Rod,
 And sinks her Glories with a fatal Nod ;
 Dissolves her Triumphs ; sweeps her Charms away,
 And turns the Goddess to her native Clay.

But, *Artemisia*, let your Servant sing
 What small Advantage Wealth and Beauties bring.
 Who would be wise, that knew *Pamphilia's* Fate?
 Or who be fair, and join'd to *Sylvia's* Mate?
Sylvia, whose Cheeks are fresh as early Day ;
 As Ev'ning mild, and sweet as spicy May :
 And yet That Face her partial Husband tires,
 And those bright Eyes, that all the World admires.
Pamphilia's Wit who does not strive to shun,
 Like Death's Infection, or a Dog-Day's Sun ?
 The Damsels view her with malignant Eyes :
 The Men are vex'd to find a Nymph so wise :

66 POEMS on several Occasions.

And Wisdom only serves to make her know
 The keen Sensation of superior Woe.
 The secret Whisper, and the list'ning Ear,
 The scornful Eyebrow, and the hated Sneer;
 The giddy Censures of her babbling Kind,
 With thousand Ills that grate a gentle Mind,
 By her are tasted in the first Degree,
 Tho' overlook'd by *Simplicus*, and me.
 Does Thirst of Gold a Virgin's Heart inspire,
 Instill'd by Nature, or a careful Sire?
 Then let her quit Extravagance and Play;
 The brisk Companion; and expensive Tea;
 To feast with *Cordia* in her filthy Sty
 On stew'd Potatoes, or on mouldy Pye;
 Whose eager Eyes stare ghastly at the Poor,
 And fright the Beggars from her hated Door:
 In greasy Clouts she wraps her smoky Chin,
 And holds, that Pride's a never-pardon'd Sin.

If this be Wealth, no matter where it falls;
But save, ye Muses, save your *Mira's* Walls:
Still give me pleasing Indolence, and Ease;
A Fire to warm me, and a Friend to please.

Since, whether sunk in Avarice, or Pride;
A wanton Virgin, or a starving Bride;
Or, wond'ring Crouds attend her charming Tongue;
Or deem'd an Idiot, ever speaks the Wrong:
Tho' Nature arm'd us for the growing Ill,
With fraudulent Cunning, and a headstrong Will;
Yet, with ten thousand Follies to her Charge,
Unhappy Woman's but a Slave at large.





The Epistle of DEBORAH DOUGH.

DEarly beloved Cousin, These
Are sent to thank you for your Cheese:

The Price of Oats is greatly fell:

I hope your Children all are well

(Likewise the Calf you take Delight in);

As I am at this present writing.

But I've no News to send you now;

Only I've lost my brindled Cow;

And that has greatly sunk my Dairy:

But I forgot our Neighbour *Mary*;

Our Neighbour *Mary*,—who, they say,

Sits scribble-scribble all the Day,

And making—what—I can't remember;

But sure 'tis something like *December*;

A frosty Morning—Let me see—
 O! now I have it to a T.
 She throws away her precious Time
 In scrawling nothing else but Rhyme;
 Of which, they say, she's mighty proud,
 And lifts her Nose above the Croud;
 Tho' my young Daughter *Cicely*
 Is taller by a Foot than she,
 And better learnt (as People say):
 Can knit a Stocken in a Day:
 Can make a Pudden, plump and rare;
 And boil her Bacon, to an Hair:
 Will coddle Apples nice and green,
 And fry her Pancakes—like a Queen.

But there's a Man that keeps a Dairy,
 Will clip the Wings of Neighbour *Mary*:
 Things wonderful they talk of him;
 But I've a Notion 'tis a Whim.

Howe'er, 'tis certain he can make
 Your Rhymes as thick as Plumbs in Cake:
 Nay more, they say, that from the Pot
 He'll take his Porridge, scalding hot,
 And drink 'em down;—and yet they tell ye,
 'Those Porridge shall not burn his Belly:
 A Cheese-cake o'er his Head he'll throw;
 And when 'tis on the Stones below,
 It sha'n't be found so much as quaking,
 Provided 'tis of his Wife's making:
 From this some People would infer
 That this good Man's a Conjuror.
 But I believe it is a Lye;
 I never thought him so; not I:
 Tho' *Win'fred Hobble*, who, you know,
 Is plagu'd with Corns on ev'ry Toe,
 Sticks on his Verge with fast'ning Spittle,
 And says it helps her Feet a little.
 Old *Frances* too his Paper tears,
 And tucks it close behind her Ears;

And

And (as she told me t'other Day)
It charm'd her Tooth-ach quite away.

Now as thou'rt better learnt than me,
Dear Cos', I leave it all to thee,
To judge about this puzzling Man,
And ponder wisely;—for you can.

Now, Cousin, I must let you know,
That while my Name is *Deborah Dough*,
I shall be always glad to see ye,
And what I have, I'll freely gi' ye.

'Tis One o'Clock, as I'm a Sinner;
The Boys are all come home to Dinner;
And I must bid you now Farewel:
I pray remember me to *Nell*;
And for your Friend I'd have you know
Your loving Cousin

DEBORAH DOUGH.



Complaining DAPHNE. *A PASTORAL.*

OLD *Tellus'* Head was newly crown'd with
Flow'rs,

And wanton Zephyrs fann'd the youthful Bow'rs:

The glowing Forests shone with purple Pride

And each fond Turtle fought his gentle Bride:

Gay *Phæbus* too had drove his flaming Wheels

To the blue Verge of *Thetis'* liquid Fields;

When *Celia* musing took her lonely Way,

To share the Fragrance of declining Day.

The charming Scene induc'd the Nymph to rove

Thro' the smooth Vista's of a blooming Grove.

A Silver Brook along the Surface stray'd,

Whose shallow Waters prattled as they play'd.

Here

Here crouding Daiesies blush'd with fairer Dye,
 And the fair Cowslip rais'd its golden Eye,
 While panting Gales along the Borders die. }
 Not far from hence (where thicker Branches made
 A solemn Whistling, and a dusky Shade,
 Where *Philomela* sooth'd the Shepherd's Care)
 Sat blooming *Daphne* with a pensive Air.
 On her fair Hand she lean'd her beauteous Head,
 And with her Elbow press'd the flow'ry Bed;
 Some secret Sorrow made her Bosom rise,
 And drew a Mist before her lovely Eyes.

Grave *Celia*, safe behind the friendly Shade,
 Attentive stood, to hear the tuneful Maid :
 The list'ning Waters gently roll'd along,
 While thus the Dame began her plaintive Song :

Ye gaudy Meadows, rich with *Flora's* Charms,
 Where cooling Rivers stretch their shining Arms;

O,

O, lend your Sweets ! 'Tis *Daphne* calls your Aid ;
And let your Odours chear a drooping Maid.

Ye waving Oaks, with Honeyfuckles twin'd,
Beneath your Shade, O, let me Slumber find !
Come, sweet Oblivion, seize my restless Mind.

Alas ! I press the mossy Couch in vain :
New Thoughts are crouding on my fertile Brain :
These weary Eyelids shun their wish'd Repose,
And with new Fire this aking Bosom glows.

Not so the laughing Days were wont to glide,
When smiling *Cynthia* wander'd by my Side :
But far ! ah ! far, from this dejected Plain,
Now roves my cruel, marble-hearted Swain.

Cruel ! But why ?—He knows not *Daphne's* Woe,
Nor sees the Tears that for his Absence flow.
Be secret, O ye Groves ; nor let the Charmer
know.

Ye gentle Winds ! O, bear my darling Swain,
My lovely *Cynthia*, to his native Plain.

At sultry Noon I seek the cooling Streams;
At Ev'ning wander o'er the dewy Plains :
In vain my Soul for Recreation tries ;
His Image swims before my sickly Eyes.
Then flatt'ring Fancy summons ev'ry Grace,
And paints the Beauties of his pleasing Face.
I hear the Accents of his tuneful Tongue,
More sweet than Music, and harmonious Song ;
See his bright Eyes with sprightly Fancies roll,
And winning Smiles, that prove a tender Soul.

Ye gentle Winds ! O, bear my darling Swain,
My lovely *Cynthia*, to his native Plain.

Ye Pow'rs !—but hold—Those happy Forms above,
My sacred Guardians, heed no Tales of Love ;

And,

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

And mystic Fate perhaps foresaw it wise,
 To ravish *Cynthia* from my aking Eyes.
 'Tis true, the Swain is fair as rising Day;
 The Loves and Graces round his Features play:
 Yet he may wear a Heart replete with Guile,
 And cover Mischief with a fraudulent Smile:
 And foolish *Daphne* to her Cost shall find
 Her heav'nly *Cynthia* like his earthly Kind.

Then stay, O stay, far from our peaceful Plain;
 Nor let me see that pleasing Face again.
 Go, fly, my *Cynthia*, where Ambition calls,
 And smiling Flatt'ry paints her gilded Walls:
 Let happier *Daphne* spend her equal Days
 With guiltless Pleasure, and substantial Ease.

Ye Winds, forbear to bring the charming Swain,
 The lovely *Cynthia*, to his native Plain.

Of,

Oft, I remember, in my Infant Pride,
When *Daphne* wander'd by her Mother's Side;
When, fledg'd with Joy, the dancing Minutes flew;
Nor Grief nor Care this guiltless Bosom knew;
As oft she led me at Meridian Day,
To weed our Corn, or turn the fragrant Hay;
If then I sunk beneath the parching Heat,
And my quick Pulse with flutt'ring Motion beat,
While fainting Sweats my weary Limbs invade;
Her Care convey'd me to a Beechen Shade.
There with her Hand she press'd my throbbing
Head,
And laid me panting on a flow'ry Bed;
Then sat beside me in the friendly Bow'r;
Long Tales she told, to kill the tedious Hour;
Of lovely Maids to early Ruin led,
Who once were harmless as the Flocks they fed;
Of some induc'd with gaudy Knights to roam
From their dear Parents, and their blissful Home;
Till,

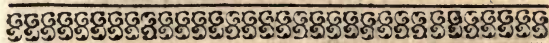
78 POEMS on several Occasions.

Till, each deserted by her changing Friend,
 The pageant Wretches met a woful End.
 And still howe'er the mournful Tale began,
 She always ended — *Child, beware of Man.*
 Yes, sacred Shade! you shall Obedience find;
 I'll banish *Cynthia* from my sickly Mind.
 Come, sweet Content, and long-desired Rest!
 Two welcome Strangers! to my aking Breast:
 Purl on, ye Streams! ye Flow'rets, smile again!
 Your chearful *Daphne* shall no more complain;
 Haste, *Philomela*, with thy charming Lay,
 And tune thy Chorals to the falling Day:
 Ye Sylvan Sisters! come; ye gentle Dames,
 Whose tender Souls are spotless as your Names!
 Henceforth shall *Daphne* only live for you;
 Content—and bid the lordly Race Adieu;
 See the clear Streams in gentler Murmurs flow,
 And fresher Gales from od'rous Mountains blow.

Now

Now the charm'd Tempest from my Bosom flies :
Sweet Slumber seizes on my willing Eyes.

Ye Winds, no more I ask the tempting Swain :
Go fan the Sweets of yonder flow'ry Plain.



The DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN you, *Sophronia*, did my Sense be-
guile

With your Half-promise, and consenting Smile ;
What Shadows swam before these dazled Eyes !
Fans, Lace, and Ribbands, in bright Order rise :
Methought these Limbs your silken Favours found,
And thro' streight Entries brush'd the rustling Gown ;
While the gay Vestment of delicious Hue
Sung thro' the Isle, and whistled in the Pew.
Then, who its Wearer, by her Form shall tell :
No longer *Mira*, but a shining Belle.

Such Phantoms fill'd these giddy Brains of mine ;
 Such golden Dreams on *Mira's* Temples shine ;
 Till stern Experience bid her Servant rise,
 And Disappointment rubb'd my drowsy Eyes.

Do thou, *Sophronia*, now thy Arts give o'er,
 Thy little Arts ; for *Mira's* Thoughts no more
 Shall after your imagin'd Favours run,

Your still-born Gifts, that ne'er behold the Sun.

Your Nods, fly Glances, and soft Whispers, are
 Like well-bred *Vido's* Friendship to the Fair,
 So fine, 'tis melted at th' Approach of Air.

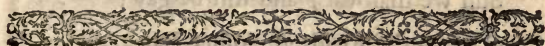
When *Vido* speaks, the list'ning Nymphs attend
 The smooth Locution of their smiling Friend ;
 Deluded Girls ! whom Reason has not taught
 To sound the mazy Depths of *Vido's* Thought.

His Praise is not to make the Graces known
 Of *Celia's* Wisdom, but exalt his own ;
 Or, when he chuses for his skilful Tongue
 A Theme so low as *Mira's* simple Song,

Tis

'Tis not his Comment on the artless Lines,
 But his own Genius in the Lecture shines:
 And when he bows, 'tis that the World may see
 His own good Manners, not Respect to me.

Live long, *Sophronia*, under Fortune's Smile,
 Happy and easy, let your Slave the while,
 Regardless both of Censure and of Praise,
 Enjoy her Whims, and wrap herself in Bays.



The CONSOLATION.

TO You who ne'er our Verse refuse,
 A Friend to *Mira*, and her Muse.

When Night, array'd in sable Robe,
 Spreads her soft Pinions o'er the Globe:
 When Care her murm'ring Complaint gives o'er,
 And restless Lovers sigh no more;

Let not those Eyes be kept till Day
 Awake—for *Mira's* luckless Lay.
 Let not a Sigh your Bosom tease,
 Nor restless Thought disturb its Ease;
 Nor pensive Vapours seal your Tongue,
 'Cause Folks will censure *Mira's* Song.
 Let not its Guardian mourn—for why?
 Its Parent's not inclin'd to cry.

Still we shall eat ; and still be gay ,
 And range the Fields at closing Day.
 Should Fortune (yes) or Friendship flie,
 There still remains the Muse and I,
 Until the short-breath'd Race be o'er,
 And I must view the Sun no more.
 Then some kind Friend (when they shall lay
 This Body in its destin'd Clay)
 Around my Grave shall twist a Briar ;
 No lying Marble I desire.

But

But the plain Stone with Chizel form'd,
 But rudely shapen and adorn'd;
 Inscrib'd with—"Natus Anno Domini
 " Here lies *Mary* in this Tomb."
 And there's no odds, that I can spy,
 'Twixt *Mary* Queen of *Scots* and *I*.
 So Poets, so shall Critics fall,
 Cits, Wits, and Courtiers, Kings and all,
 Hands that wrote or held a Flail,
 Tongues that us'd to sooth or rail;
 Rivals there no more contend,
 And there Ambition finds an End.



CICELY, JOAN, and DEBORAH:

An ECLOGUE.

'T WAS when the Sun had bid our Fields
 Adieu,
 And thirsty Flowers sip the rising Dew;

That ruddy *Joan* (a sprightly Dame, I ween)
 Walk'd forth to visit *Cicely* o'th' Green.
 All sadly dight the hapless Maid she found
 In sable Night-cap, and in Sorrows drown'd,
 With Eyes cast downward, and dishevel'd Hair;
 Till thus her Neighbour greets the mourning Fair.

JOAN.

Why how now, *Cicely*?—What's the Matter now?
 What a cold Sweat hangs dropping on thy Brow!
 Thy Eyes brim-full—Why how thou look'st To-
 day!

Like Verjuice fowre, and as pale as Whey!

CICELY.

For what I weep, Ah! *Joan*, didst thou but
 know,
 Thou'dst pity (sure) not wonder at my Woe.
 Ah wretched Maid! thus ever let me cry,
 From Morn till Night; then lay me down, and die.

JOAN.

Ah! tell me, *Cicely*—tho' to ask I dread;
Yet, pr'ythee, tell me; Is old *Brindle* dead?
(Since yester Morn I have not heard her lowe)
If so—who would not weep for such a Cow?

CICELY.

'Tis not for her I shed this scalding Tear:
Ah! no—old *Brindle* is not half so dear!
I've lost—But who—for Sobs I cannot tell;
And his last Word was—*Cicely*, farewell.

JOAN.

O how I tremble!—pr'ythee, tell me who?

CICELY.

Young *Colin Clumsey*—He was known to you.
For ever curs'd be that same Market-day,
When a vile Serjeant led my Youth astray!
Far from his Home my *Colin's* doom'd to die,
My lovely *Colin* with the rolling Eye.

JOAN.

Yet bear thy Sorrows with a patient Mind:
 They say the DUKE is to his Soldiers kind.
 So may he thrive, and all Rebellions quell,
 As he shall use thy much-lov'd *Colin* well!

CICELY.

Ah! sooth me not—There's nothing left for me,
 But the clear Fountain, and the Willow Tree.
 Since *Colin's* fled, no more I turn the Wheel:
 There lies the Spindle, and the useless Reel.

JOAN.

Be patient, Girl; and stop that falling Tear:
 For here comes *Deb'rah* with a Quart of Beer.
 So, Neighbour, so; we've special News To-day,
 Or else Dame *Deb'rah* wou'd not look so gay.

DEBORAH.

We've kill'd two thousand of the Rogues (d'ye mind?)
 Egad, their Gen'ral durst not look behind;

Tho'

Tho' Gaffer *Doubt-man* (with the blinking Eye)
Says, 'tis but Fifty—and that's pretty nigh.

JOAN.

Then let us Drink—Come, *Cicely*, to thy Dear!
We'll have no Whining nor no Sniv'ling here.
Health to the DUKE, and all that do him Aid!
How *Cicely* drinks!—but *Cicely* is a Maid.

DEBORAH.

'Tis a brave Man, and has a lucky Hand,
This DUKE of what d'ye call it—*Cumberland*.
Heav'n blefs this DUKE, and all his Train! say I.
Let's pledge thee, *Cicely*; for I'm deadly dry.

JOAN.

My Husband lost his Purse at *Cheatnam* Fair.
Last Night a Beam broke down, and kill'd the Mare.
These Things are hard to such as thee and I:
But yet we'll drink, because the Rebels fly.

DEBORAH.

This Beer is good—Say, how d'ye like it? ho!
 And shall I fetch the other Pot, or no?
 Hark, the Men shout, and Bonfires light the Plain:
 Then shall we sit, and lick our Lips in vain?

JOAN.

Troth, Goody *Deb'rah*, troth, it is a Crime
 To drink so much—but only for the Time.
 Bring t'other Quart, although there is no need:
 But one Draught more, and I have done indeed.



The COMPLAINT.

WAS I the Sport of *Simo's* idle Tongue,
 Did sowre *Maurus* criticize my Song,
 Did stern *Præcisus* blame my want of Grace,
 Or sprightly *Strephon* titter at my Face,

This

This I cou'd bear with an heroic Mind;
 Nor (like a Poet) take Revenge in kind:
 Their rude Reproach wou'd glide neglected by,
 Nor steal one Slumber from my closing Eye;
 Pass by un-felt, as distant Thunders roll:
 But, from a Friend, it stabs the inmost Soul;
 Darts through the Bosom with a mortal Sting;
 Strikes to the Heart, and probes the vital Spring.
 O Reason! say, Hast thou a cordial Balm
 To stop this Tear, and make the Tempest calm?
 Tell me, 'tis I that aggravate the Pain:
 My Friend was kind; but only spoke too plain.
 This may be true—But 'tis a constant Rule,
 They must despise me, who can think me Fool.
 With fanfy'd Spots shou'd we our Friends upbraid?
 Why must that Folly to her Charge be laid,
 Which *Mira's* Foes, who at a Lye excell,
 Forget to number, when her Faults they tell;
 And which (tho' I no mighty Wisdom boast)
 Amongst all Follies I abhor the most?

With Face that never chang'd its wonted Hue,
 See *Dunco*, blest, amid the stupid Crew ;
 Whose lazy Blood still keeps an equal Flow ;
 Whose Cheek with Blushes ne'er was taught to glow.
 Ill-natur'd Jests may round the Table fly :
 You read no Anguish in his stedfast Eye.
 He finds them not, by Dullness fortify'd ;
 But still rests happy with un-feeling Pride.
 This Friend is false ; but he will ne'er complain :
 And This expires ; yet he feels no Pain.
 Let Friends, or Fortune, fly which Way they will ;
 Yet stupid *Dunco* will be *Dunco* still.
 He neither Sorrow nor Compassion knows :
 These are the Souls that share a fix'd Repose.

Wretched are they, whose tender Spirits know
 A keen Sensation from the slightest Woe ;
 Whose swelling Hearts each little Blow offends,
 That's giv'n by Malice, or mistaken Friends ;

Whose busy Thoughts are always on the Wing,
 And pick out Satire where there's no such thing.
 Such through false Optics all their Wrongs behold.
 (Who would be fashion'd in so fine a Mould?)
 Hence-forth, ye Wits, receive it as a Rule;
 There's none so happy, as the Dunce and Fool.



The Pocket-Book's Soliloquy.

AH! cruel *Fortune*, fickle Dame,
 Alas! where am I now?
 With me let Mortals curse the Name,
 And shun thy tempting Brow.

Directed to a fairer Dome,
 From *Lud's* great Town I came:
 Contented left my native Home,
 To serve a gentle Dame.

There

There fondly hoping to endure,
I blest the happy Change,
And rested in her Smile secure:
For who would wish to range?

But She, alas! the cruel She!
Has cast me from her Arms;
And not a Hope remains for me,
And my degraded Charms.

Was it for this the Artift made
These shining Robes for me,
In hopes to please some beauteous Maid,
Or Nymph of high Degree?

Must I for ever here remain,
And in Oblivion sleep?
Some Poet's God, oh! ease my Pain,
Or give me Eyes to weep!

Some Friend in Pity tear away

This Robe of shining Hue;

And like my Fate, be my Array,

A Gown of dirty Blue.

And thou, great *Saturn*, Foe to Rhyme!

Be thou a Friend to me:

Preserve me in this dang'rous Time:

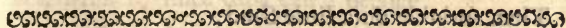
From Metre keep me free.

Should *Mira* stain my snowy Page,

Do thou compose her Head.

Let thy cold *Opium* spoil her Rage,

And turn her Pen to Lead.



The Pocket-Book's Petition to PARTHENISSA.

SLAVES will be heard, and so will I.
Tho' Princes shun the hated Cry;

Yet

Yet *Parthenissa's* gentle Ear,
 At least, will not refuse to hear.
 Tho' I'm discarded from your Train,
 To grace the Cottage of a Swain ;
 In Darkneſs doom'd to curſe my Fate,
 And ſerve a Miſtreſs that I hate ;
 Yet no Inveſtives will I throw
 On you, whoſe Bounty cauſ'd my Woe.
 I only aſk, to pleaſe my Pride,
 I aſk—(and now you look aſide)
 The Favour's great to Me, 'tis true ;
 But ſure it means no Harm to you.
 Dear Madam, only take your Pen,
 And dip it in your Ink ; and then
 Move o'er my Leaves your eaſy Hand :
 Then ſprinkle on a little Sand :
 This done, return me when you pleaſe,
 And I from hence will live at Eaſe ;
 Nor once, repining at my Cell,
 With Darkneſs, Dirt, and *Mira*, dwell.



PARTHENISSA's *Answer to the Pocket-
Book's Soliloquy.*

[*Written in the same; and returned to Mrs.
Leapor next Day.*]

CAN *Mira's* Pen offend thy Pride?

Insulting Varlet! come:

Then mine shall scall thy swelling Side,

And send thee raving Home.

Yes, Minion, since thou can't decline

The Honours of her Hand,

And fawningly solicit mine;

Enjoy thy wise Demand.

Already

Already would'st thou fly? But stay:

Not yet you pass my Door.

'Tis true I have not much to say;

Yet long to plague thee more.

How undeserv'd thy happy Fate!

Till thou hast learnt to prize

True Merit planted in a State

That blinds thy partial Eyes.

Oh! spare your Lead: It hurts my Page.

Hold out, avenging Pow'r!

Thou well deserv'st it, if my Rage

Should keep thee here this Hour.

Didst thou not insolently dare

To spurn at *Mira's* Lays?

So may each mean Despiser fare;

That envies her the Bays!

To mortify thy foolish Pride,
 That stands so plain confess'd,
 Take a Friend's Word ; thy gay Outside
 Is Tinsel, at the best.

Then boast no more thy gaudy Cloaths,
 Nor once presume to think,
 Thou can't deserve, in Verse or Prose,
 A Drop of *Mira's* Ink.

But go, and humbly sue thy Peace :
 Then, if she can forgive,
 And deign to touch thy vacant Leaves,
 They may for Ages live.

What better could thy Fate decree,
 What more Ambition hope ?
 Know'st thou who 'twas accepted thee ?
 The Successor of *Pope*.

The pitying Muses, at his Death,
 The drooping World to cheer,
 Reclaim'd his fleeting tuneful Breath,
 And kindly fix'd it here,

Who would have thought it? Let me go:
 For Pity let me pray.
 So hasty, Friend?—Release me, oh!
 'Tis cruel to delay.



NATURE undone by ART.

WHEN first Alexis blest'd our wond'ring
 Eyes,

Like some young De'ty of the pregnant Skies;
 His blooming Form by Nature richly dress'd;
 Nor purple Crime had stain'd his iv'ry Breast:

His pleasing Voice diffus'd a gen'ral Joy,
 And list'ning Virgins bless'd the charming Boy.
 His just Reflections, while they taught, allur'd;
 His Smiles were harmless, and his Language pure:
 He learn'd with Pleasure, and he taught with Ease:
 Whate'er *Alexis* did, was sure to please.
Gorgonian Malice found a soothing Charm;
 No envious Tongue could with *Alexis* Harm:
 For thrifty Nature, like a partial Mother, won
 To form one lovely Image, strips another;
 And makes theauteous Darling of her Breast
 Perfection only, while she starves the rest.
 On this gay Youth she lavish'd all her Pride,
 Till he, ingrateful, wander'd from her Side:
 Then polish'd Art, with her affected Train
 Of glitt'ring Shadows, won the cheated Swain;
 Diffimulation roll'd her leering Eyes,
 With courteous Knavery, and well-bred Lyes;
 Affectation, Pride; a motly Throng;
 And smiling Flatt'ry, with her silver Tongue:

These taught those once engaging Eyes to roll,
And cast Pollution on his tainted Soul.

In his dark Breast tumultuous Passions rise,
Where guilty Flame and smother'd Hatred lies.

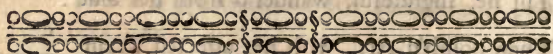
Now the chang'd Idiot can his Rhet'ric spend
To praise a Coxcomb, or deceive his Friend.

His Heart, whence Truths eternal us'd to spring,
Where Honour reign'd as undisputed King,
Is now a Dungeon for the Dregs of Sin.

Deceit, Ingratitude, and Av'rice, now
Have stain'd the Whiteness of his alter'd Brow :

Not worth our Pity, and below Disdain ;

We look with Loathing, and we hear with Pain.



MIRA to OCTAVIA.

OCTAVIA, loveliest of thy charming Kind,
Whose pleasing Form is but a beauteous
Shrine

To thousand Virtues, and a fairer Mind ;

Your

Your wond'ring Servant has been lately told,
 That you, despising Settlements and Gold,
 Resolve to take *Philander*, poor and gay,
 To Have and Hold, for Ever and for Aye.

Pardon my Fault, in off'ring to advise
 A thinking Virgin, like *Octavia* wise :
 Fate knew your Worth, and did her Fav'rite raise
 Above my Censure, and beyond my Praise :
 But out-law'd Poets scorn the beaten Rules,
 And leave Distinction to the Forms of Fools ;
 Can make e'en *Jove* descend in golden Show'rs,
 And form new Statutes on *Olympian* Bow'rs :
 Or, shiv'ring by the Side of rural Springs,
 At Courtiers rail, and satirize on Kings.
 Of these am I, who with presumptuous Pen,
 Subscribe myself the fair *Octavia's* Friend :
 But how shall we that honour'd Title prove
 To a young Lady, and attack her Love ?

Frown not, sweet Virgin; we'll Decorums keep;
Philander's Faults shall in Oblivion sleep.
 Peace to his Name!—These only are design'd
 A simple Lecture to our easy Kind.

But round us first an Audience let me call:
 Draw near, and listen, O ye Maidens all,
 Of Wives I sing, and Husbands, not a few:
 Examples rare! some fictitious, and some true.

You, bright *Octavia*, need no cautious Rule,
 To know, detest, and shun an irksome Fool:
 But less sagacious Virgins often take
 Nonsense for Wit, and rue the dire Mistake.
 Of these, *Pamela*, beauteous without Pride;
 Bless'd with more Sense than half her Sex beside;
 Was in her Prime by Youths incircled round,
 Who, as she trod, ador'd the hallow'd Ground;
 Till, tir'd of Flattery, and the odious Chace,
 She fled for Shelter to a Fool's Embrace:

Yet her calm Brow betrays no sullen Frown,
 And her own Virtue spares the Idiot's Crown.
 But could our Eyes behold the deep Recess,
 Where soft *Pamela's* Thoughts in private rest,
 You'd find, in spite of *Hymen's* sacred Vows,
 Ten Hours in Twelve that she abhors her Spouse.

'Tis true, this Case will not *Octavia* fit;
 For ev'n his Foes allow *Philander* Wit;
 In whose dear Cause so strongly you dispute:
 But then remember *Sylvia*, and be mute.

Sylvia the Fair, her Father's only Pride,
 To noble *Lyfias* was a beauteous Bride;
Lyfias, admir'd by all the gazing Croud,
 With Wit good-natur'd, nor with Learning proud;
 Well vers'd in Morals, and in sacred Song;
 Nor e'er was heard to give his Judgment wrong.
 His Smiles more Converts than his Precepts won;
 The Proud and Stubborn to his Lectures run:

For none like *Lysias* could the Froward win;
 And Youths were proud of a Rebuke from him:
 A kind Companion, and a faithful Guide,
 Pleasant to all, except his doating Bride.
 Ah! now his Guilt our next Attention calls:
 The Act is over, and the Curtain falls.
 Through a bright Scene of Virtues we have ran;
 But here our Saint degen'rates into Man.
 Yet *Sylvia* might the nicest Fancy please;
 And all her Actions wore a graceful Ease:
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm that sweetens Life;
 No Fault she had, except the Name of *Wife*;
 Till smother'd Grief the fading Roses tore
 From her soft Cheek, and *Sylvia* shines no more.

Now her gay Spouse amongst his Friends survey,
 Smiling as sweetly as the rising Day;
 Who sit in Rapture, with their Senses hung
 On the bewitching Music of his Tongue.

Just in their Mirth comes in his humble Fair,
 With smiling Visage, and obsequious Air:—
 “ My Dear, are you at Leisure? Dinner stays”—
 He, frowning, answers: “ I’ll consult my Ease.
 “ Hence with your dull Impertinence, I pray;
 “ And talk of Vapours o’er your darling Tea.”
 She goes, with aching Heart, and streaming Eyes,
 To curse her Fondness, and the Fate of Wives.

Tycho, with Study and Ill-nature sour’d;
 With Learning peevish, and with Spleen devour’d;
 Disdains to look on aught below the Sky:
 And his bright *Celia* sits neglected by.
 His prattling Infants make their Court in vain;
 The rolling Planets fill his working Brain;
 Whose Systems make the trembling Stars afraid,
 And *Virgo* blushes like an earthly Maid.
 While thus he triumphs thro’ th’ ethereal Way,
 Can *Tycho* bear the Sight of human Clay?
 Ah!

Ah! *Celia*, no:—I pray give o'er your Tears:
No Room for Wife among the shining Spheres.

Chloe, a Prude, the strictest of her Tribe,
Renounc'd all Sin, except her darling Pride:
Pamphilia's Wit as Blasphemy she view'd,
And call'd the Smiles of *Leonora* lewd.
If Men were by, she could not taste her Tea;
Nor scarce distinguish Brandy from Bohea.
To Church she ventur'd, if the Sky was clear;
But saw no Soul, except the Parson, there.
She read the Psalms, secur'd behind her Fan;
But lost her Sentence at the Sight of Man.

Enthusianio saw this sober Maid:
Enthusianio was to Love betray'd.
As great a Sinner, and a Saint, was he;
And much a greater Hypocrite than She.

Twelve honest Youths he to the Army sent:
Their Crimes were eating Sauages in *Lent*.

He broke his Page unhappy *Ralpho's* Crown,
 Because he trod upon the Parson's Gown.
 He courted *Chloe* in no vulgar Style;
 Nor e'er approach'd her with an earthly Smile:
 With *Sternhold's* Phrase he won the lovely Dame:
 No witty Couplet did his Lips profane:
 He scorn'd the Language and the Court of Beaux,
 And sent her Bibles, 'stead of Billet-doux.

This modest Virgin took her serious Slave,
 As a kind Usher to her silent Grave;
 With him would rail at Poetry and Play,
 And mutter Scandal o're her morning Tea;
 The Hearts of Maidens in their Dress could view,
 And shrewdly blame the Tye of *Celia's* Shoe,
 The Knot of *Sylvia*,—*Zephalinda's* Curl;
 And Wretches headlong to Destruction hurl.

But now her Lamb has shed his borrow'd Skin,
 And stands confest the brazen Wolf of Sin.

And yet the Fool, with Impudence and Pride,
 Still preaches Duty to his mourning Bride;
 That Men unquestion'd round the World may roam,
 While the good Wife, at her industrious Home,
 Without repining, must her Lord obey,
 Nor without Leave should taste her fav'rite Tea:
 Women should feed on simple Meats and thin:
 High Food inspir'd the wand'ring Mind to Sin.

And when her Spouse in secret would attend
 His wanton Mistress, or his drunken Friend.
 He to her Closet leads this humble Fair;
 Bids her be good; and shuts her up to Pray'r:
 Thus may *Octavia* in our Picture see,
 What others are, and She must shortly be.

Poets and Painters then, perhaps you'll cry,
 Oft in their Satire, and their Canvas, lye.
 But, dear *Octavia*, in the Case of Wife,
 I fear the Shade but faintly apes the Life.

Yet,

Yet, not a Rebel to your *Hymen's* Law,
 His sacred Altars I behold with Awe:
 Nor Foe to Man; for I acknowlege yet
 Some Men have Honour, as some Maids have Wit.
 But then remember, these, my learned Fair,
 Old Authors tell us, are extremely rare.

And shall *Ostavia* prostitute her Store,
 To buy a Tyrant with the tempting Ore?
 Besides, I fear your Shackles will be found
 Too dearly purchas'd with a thousand Pound.

Then be the charming Mistress of thy Gold;
 While young, admir'd; and rev'renc'd, when you're
 Old.

The Grave and Sprightly shall thy Board attend,
 The gay Companion, and the serious Friend.
 Let meagre Wits a kind Acceptance find,
 And boast they lately with *Ostavia* din'd.

Let hungry Orphans there redress their Woes ;
 Pity for these, let *Mira* plead for those.
 So may your Days in Halcyon Moments run,
 Happy at rising and declining Sun !
 Still may *Octavia* bless the infant Day,
 And still with Smiles behold its parting Ray !
 Till those gay Roses bid your Cheeks adieu,
 And your brown Locks shall take a silver Hue.
 Then, calm as weary Infants seek Repose,
Octavia shall her beauteous Eye-lids close ;
 Then sable Night shall lead a weeping Train
 Of melting Sorrows o'er the mourning Plain :
 With real Sighs shall youthful Bosoms swell,
 And crouching Virgins seek a last Farewel :
 Pity shall triumph in the Breasts of Men ;
 And Eyes shall weep, which never wept till then.



CRUMBLE-HALL.

WHEN Friends or Fortune frown, on *Mira's*
Lay,

Or gloomy Vapours hide the Lamp of Day;
With low'ring Forehead, and with aching Limbs,
Oppress'd with Head-ach, and eternal Whims,
Sad *Mira* vows to quit the darling Crime:
Yet takes her Farewel, and repents, in Rhyme.

But see (more charming than *Armida's* Wiles)
The Sun returns, and *Artemisia* smiles:
Then in a trice the Resolutions fly;
And who so frolick as the Muse and I?
We sing once more, obedient to her Call;
Once more we sing, and 'tis of *Crumble-Hall*;

That

That *Crumble-Hall*, whose hospitable Door
 Has fed the Stranger, and reliev'd the Poor;
 Whose *Gothic* Towers, and whose rusty Spires,
 Were known of old to Knights, and hungry Squires.
 There powder'd Beef, and Warden-Pies, were found;
 And Pudden dwelt within her spacious Bound:
 Pork, Peas, and Bacon (good old *English* Fare!),
 With tainted Ven'son, and with hunted Hare:
 With humming Beer her Vats were wont to flow,
 And ruddy *Nectar* in her Vaults to glow.
 Here came the Wights, who battled for Renown,
 The sable Frier, and the russet Clown:
 The loaded Tables sent a fav'ry Gale,
 And the brown Bowls were crown'd with simp'ring
 Ale;
 While the Guests ravag'd on the smoking Store,
 Till their stretch'd Girdles would contain no more.
 Of this rude Palace might a Poet sing
 From cold *December* to returning Spring;
Tell

Tell how the Building spreads on either Hand,
And two grim Giants o'er the Portals stand;
Whose grissled Beards are neither comb'd nor shorn,
But look severe, and horribly adorn.

Then step within—there stands a goodly Row
Of oaken Pillars—where a gallant Show
Of mimic Pears and carv'd Pomgranates twine,
With the plump Clusters of the spreading Vine.
Strange Forms above, present themselves to View;
Some Mouths that grin, some smile, and some that
spew.

Here a soft Maid or Infant seems to cry:
Here stares a Tyrant, with distorted Eye:
The Roof—no *Cyclops* e'er could reach so high:
Not *Polypheme*, tho' form'd for dreadful Harms,
The Top could measure with extended Arms.
Here the pleas'd Spider plants her peaceful Loom:
Here weaves secure, nor dreads the hated Broom.

III4 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

But at the Head (and furbish'd once a Year)

The Heralds mystic Compliments appear:

Round the fierce Dragon *Honi Soit* twines,

And Royal *Edward* o'er the Chimney shines.

Safely the Mice through yon dark Passage run,

Where the dim Windows ne'er admit the Sun.

Along each Wall the Stranger blindly feels;

And (trembling) dreads a Spectre at his Heels.

The fav'ry Kitchen much Attention calls:

Westphalia Hams adorn the fable Walls:

The Fires blaze; the greasy Pavements fry;

And steaming Odours from the Kettles fly.

See! yon brown Parlour on the Left appears,

For nothing famous, but its leathern Chairs,

Whose shining Nails like polish'd Armour glow,

And the dull Clock beats audible and slow.

But

But on the Right we spy a Room more fair:
 The Form—'tis neither long, nor round, nor square;
 The Walls how lofty, and the Floor how wide,
 We leave for learned *Quadrus* to decide.
 Gay *China* Bowls o'er the broad Chimney shine,
 Whose long Description would be too sublime:
 And much might of the Tapestry be sung:
 But we're content to say, The Parlour's hung.

We count the Stairs, and to the Right ascend,
 Where on the Walls the gorgeous Colours blend.
 There doughty *George* bestrides the goodly Steed;
 The Dragon's slaughter'd, and the Virgin freed:
 And there (but lately rescu'd from their Fears)
 The Nymph and serious *Ptolemy* appears:
 Their awkward Limbs unwieldy are display'd;
 And, like a Milk-wench, glares the royal Maid.

From hence we turn to more familiar Rooms;
 Whose Hangings ne'er were wrought in *Grecian*
 Looms:

Yet the soft Stools, and eke the lazy Chair,
 To Sleep invite the Weary, and the Fair.

Shall we proceed? — Yes, if you'll break the
 Wall:

If not, return, and tread once more the Hall.
 Up ten Stone Steps now please to drag your Toes,
 And a brick Passage will succeed to those.

Here the strong Doors were aptly fram'd to hold
 Sir *Wary's* Person, and Sir *Wary's* Gold.

Here *Biron* sleeps, with Books encircled round;
 And him you'd guess a Student most profound:

Not so—in Form the dusty Volumes stand:

There's few that wear the Mark of *Biron's* Hand.

Would

Would you go farther?—Stay a little then :
 Back thro' the Passage—down the Steps again ;
 Thro' yon dark Room—Be careful how you tread
 Up these steep Stairs—or you may break your Head.
 These Rooms are furnish'd amiably, and full :
 Old Shoes, and Sheep-ticks bred in Stacks of Wool ;
 Grey *Dobbin's* Gears, and Drenching-Horns enow ;
 Wheel-spokes—the Irons of a tatter'd Plough.

No farther—Yes, a little higher, pray :
 At yon small Door you'll find the Beams of Day, }
 While the hot Leads return the scorching Ray. }
 Here a gay Prospect meets the ravish'd Eye :
 Meads, Fields, and Groves, in beauteous Order lie.
 From hence the Muse precipitant is hurl'd,
 And drags down *Mira* to the nether World.

Thus far the Palace—Yet there still remain
 Unfung the Gardens, and the menial Train.

118 POEMS on several Occasions.

Its Groves anon—its People first we sing:
 Hear, *Artemisia*, hear the Song we bring.
Sophronia first in Verse shall learn to chime,
 And keep her Station, tho' in *Mira's* Rhyme;
Sophronia sage! whose learned Knuckles know
 To form round Cheese-cakes of the pliant Dough;
 To bruise the Curd, and thro' her Fingers squeeze
Ambrosial Butter with the temper'd Cheese:
 Sweet Tarts and Pudden, too, her Skill declare;
 And the soft Jellies, hid from baneful Air.

O'er the warm Kettles, and the sav'ry Steams,
 Grave *Colinettus* of his Oxen dreams:
 Then, starting, anxious for his new-mown Hay,
 Runs headlong out to view the doubtful Day:
 But Dinner calls with more prevailing Charms;
 And furly *Gruffo* in his aukward Arms
 Bears the tall Jugg, and turns a glaring Eye,
 As tho' he fear'd some Insurrection nigh
 From the fierce Crew, that gaping stand a-dry.

O'er-

O'er-stuff'd with Beef; with Cabbage much too
full,

And Dumpling too (fit Emblem of his Skull!)

With Mouth wide open, but with closing Eyes

Unwieldy *Roger* on the Table lies.

His able Lungs discharge a rattling Sound:

Prince barks, *Spot* howls, and the tall Roofs rebound.

Him *Urs'la* views; and, with dejected Eyes,

" Ah! *Roger*, Ah!" the mournful Maiden cries:

" Is wretched *Urs'la* then your Care no more,

" That, while I sigh, thus you can sleep and snore?

" Ingrateful *Roger*! wilt thou leave me now?

" For you these Furrows mark my fading Brow:

" For you my Pigs resign their Morning Due:

" My hungry Chickens lose their Meat for you:

" And, was it not, Ah! was it not for thee,

" No goodly Pottage would be dress'd by me.

" For thee these Hands wind up the whirling Jack,

" Or place the Spit across the sloping Rack.

" I baste the Mutton with a chearful Heart,

" Because I know my *Roger* will have Part."

Thus she—But now her Dish-kettle began
To boil and blubber with the foaming Bran.
The greasy Apron round her Hips she ties,
And to each Plate the scalding Clout applies:
The purging Bath each glowing Dish refines,
And once again the polish'd Pewter shines.

Now to those Meads let frolick Fancy rove,
Where o'er yon Waters nods a pendent Grove;
In whose clear Waves the pictur'd Boughs are seen,
With fairer Blossoms, and a brighter Green.
Soft flow'ry Banks the spreading Lakes divide:
Sharp-pointed Flags adorn each tender Side.
See! the pleas'd Swans along the Surface play;
Where yon cool Willows meet the scorching Ray,
When fierce *Orion* gives too warm a Day.

But,

But, hark! what Scream the wond'ring Ear in-
vades!

The *Dryads* howling for their threaten'd Shades:

Round the dear Grove each Nymph distracted flies

(Tho' not discover'd but with Poet's Eyes):

And shall those Shades, where *Philomela's* Strain

Has oft to Slumber lull'd the hapless Swain;

Where Turtles us'd to clap their filken Wings;

Whose rev'rend Oaks have known a hundred

Springs;

Shall these ignobly from their Roots be torn,

And perish shameful, as the abject Thorn;

While the slow Carr bears off their aged Limbs,

To clear the Way for Slopes, and modern Whims;

Where banish'd Nature leaves a barren Gloom,

And aukward Art supplies the vacant Room?

Yet (or the Muse for Vengeance calls in vain)

The injur'd Nymphs shall haunt the ravag'd Plain:

Strange

Strange Sounds and Forms shall tease the gloomy
Green;

And Fairy-Elves by *Urs'la* shall be seen:

Their new-built Parlour shall with Echoes ring:

And in their Hall shall doleful Crickets sing.

Then cease, *Diraeto*, stay thy desp'rate Hand;

And let the Grove, if not the Parlour, stand.



Upon



*Upon her Play being returned to her, stained
with Claret,*

Welcome, dear Wanderer, once more!

Thrice welcome to thy native Cell!

Within this peaceful humble Door

Let Thou and I contented dwell!

But say, O whither hast thou rang'd?

Why dost thou blush a Crimson Hue?

Thy fair Complexion's greatly chang'd:

Why, I can scarce believe 'tis you.

Then tell, my Son, O tell me, Where

Didst thou contract this sottish Dye?

You kept ill Company, I fear,

When distant from your Parent's Eye.

Was it for This, O graceless Child !

Was it for This, you learn'd to spell ?

Thy Face and Credit both are spoil'd :

Go drown thyself in yonder Well.

I wonder how thy Time was spent :

No News (alas!) hadst thou to bring,

Hast thou not climb'd the Monument ?

Nor seen the Lions, nor the King?

But now I'll keep you here secure :

No more you view the smoaky Sky ;

The Court was never made (I'm sure)

For Idiots, like Thee and I.





THE
UNHAPPY FATHER.
A
TRAGEDY.





THE

UNHAPPY FATHER.

A

TRAGEDY.



Dramatis Personæ.

DYCARBAS, the Unhappy Father.

LYCANDER, } Sons of *Dycarbas*, in Love with
POLONIUS, } *Terentia*.

EUSTATHIUS, Nephew of *Dycarbas*, and Husband of *Emilia*.

LEONARDO, Cousin to *Eustathius*.

PAULUS, Servant to *Dycarbas*.

PLYNUS, Servant to *Eustathius*.

TIMNUS, Servant to *Polonius*.

EMILIA, Daughter of *Dycarbas*.

TERENTIA, a young Lady under the Guardianship of *Dycarbas*.

CLAUDIA, Servant to *Terentia*.

SCENE, a Gentleman's Country-House.

Dramatis Personæ.

DYCARBIA, the Unhappy Father.

ALEXANDER, } Sons of Dycarbia, in love with
POLONIUS, } Terentia.

EUSTATHIUS, Nephew of Dycarbia, and Husband of Emilia.

LEONARDO, Cousin to Eustathius.

PAULUS, Servant to Dycarbia.

PLYNUS, Servant to Eustathius.

TIMUS, Servant to Polonius.

EMILIA, Daughter of Dycarbia.

TERENTIA, a young Lady under the Guardianship of Dycarbia.

CLAUDIA, Servant to Terentia.

SCENE, a Gentleman's Country-House.



THE
UNHAPPY FATHER.

ACT I.

SCENE *an Apartment.*

POLONIUS *and* TERENTIA *meeting.*

POLONIUS.

O H! my *Terentia*, not the dawning Sun,
That now shines lovely on the dewy Hills,
Wears half the Sweetness of thy pleasing Form :
This docile Heart, confessing thy Approach,
Leaps in its Bosom like the bounding Roe :
No other Object these fond Eyes behold ;
No other Wish, but still to gaze on thee.

TERENTIA.

Yes, my *Polonius*, yes ; I will confess,
That my glad Spirits triumph in thy Love ;

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That,

That, while I see thee here, and know thee kind,
 The laughing Days unheeded glide away,
 And the soft Seasons wear eternal Spring;
 My former Woes lie bury'd in Oblivion,
 The Wrongs and Sorrows of my Infant Years:
 Then are we truly happy, or deceiv'd?

POLONIUS.

Then are we happy! — Where remains the Doubt?
 Didst thou, *Terentia*, didst thou doat like me,
 Sure thy full Soul would find no vacant room
 For dull Misgivings, and for cold Surmise:
 No wand'ring Guest would find Admittance there;
 But smiling Hope, Joy, Constancy, and Love.

TERENTIA.

In this strange World, made up of Sun and Show'rs,
 Who e'er was plac'd beyond the Reach of Woe?
 The Cheek, that late was dimpled o'er with Smiles,
 Pleas'd with the Farce of transitory Joy,
 Grows pale and languid, if the Curtain falls,
 Till the next Scene exhibits something gay:
 Then childish Fancy, glad to catch the Laugh,
 Is happy till the next returning Storm.

POLONIUS.

But why this grave Philosophy To-day?
 Leave these dull Lessons for more gloomy Hours:
 Thy charming Voice far better would become
 The gentle Numbers of enchanting Song:
 'Tis thine to smoothe, to harmonize the Soul,
 Soft warbling to the Lute's responsive Sound.

TERENTIA.

O say, thou smiling, dear Deceiver, say,
 Canst thou, with Shew of Ecstasy and Truth,
 Avow thy Heart the Slave of its *Terentia*?
 But soon, if Honour, if Ambition call,
 The careless Youth can throw his Darling by,
 For brighter Views; and part without a Pang.
 Last Night I heard—I heard with wounded Ears,
 Your *cruel* Father (never so till then)
 Give the strict Orders for your hasty Voyage.
 My swelling Heart was stung with bitter Grief;
 But you receiv'd the Sentence with a Smile.

POLONIUS.

Alas! *Terentia*, why wouldst thou alarm
 The lurking Woes that slumber'd in my Breast?

Why wouldst thou tear from this unguarded Heart
 The little Fort which Reason lately made?
 (Weak Engineer against thy Sex's Charms!)

Could those bright Eyes pierce thro' my naked Soul,
 And there behold the Tumult thou hast rais'd;
 See the rous'd Passions wage a desp'rate War,
 And Love and Duty struggle for the Crown;
 'Twould merit Pity, not deserve Reproach:
 For I must own, in spite of artful Smiles,
 Put on to hide the Weakness of my Heart,
 To part with thee is something more than Death:
 'Tis more than Darkness, or the yawning Grave:
 For thou art all—Believe me, thou art all
 The Good, the Joy, the Life, of thy *Polonius*.

TERENTIA,

Small Arguments confute the willing Maid,
 Whose partial Reason takes the Bribe of Love.
 I trust thy Faith, thou Partner of my Soul:
 Tho' Mountains part us, Oceans roll between,
 Or Whirlwinds bear us to the distant Poles,
 Yet the freed Spirits shall again unite,
 And take their Flight beyond the Reach of Fate.
 But, see!—Your Father. Let us part a while,
 Till some kind Moment favour us again.

[*Exit Polonius.*

Enter DYCARBAS.

DYCARBAS.

May many Mornings, all as fair as this,
Come, fraught with Pleasure, to attend on thee,
Thou pleasing Object of thy Guardian's Care.

TERENTIA.

I found your Goodness in my Infant Years,
When, like the Genius of my Fate, you came,
Took me from Want, from Avarice, and Wrong,
And the stern Usage of a barb'rous Uncle;
My Fortune fav'd from the voracious Law;
And plac'd me here to thrive beneath your Smile.
If Deeds like this demand a Blessing, then
Sure Heav'n has Millions still in Store for you:
For You, ascend the Pray'rs of hoary Age,
Who share the Comfort of your bounteous Hand:
Deserted Babes are taught to lisp your Name,
And, smiling, stretch their little Hands to you.

DYCARBAS.

To Heav'n I point my Actions, and my Hopes:
I ask no Praises, nor Reward, from Man:
Who follows Virtue for the sake of Fame,

Will find his Pay Remorse and Disappointment ;
 And the lost Wretch will then be twice undone.
 But say, *Terentia*, why this serious Air ?
 Why has thy Face forgot its wonted Smile ?
 Does Sickness, Grief, or Care, oppress thy Heart ?
 Unload your Woes, and they shall find a Friend.

TERENTIA.

My Woes, my Lord, are far beneath your Care ;
 Only the common Vapours of the Brain :
 A Turn or two in yonder Garden Walks
 Will bring my Spirits to their usual State.

DYCARBAS.

May some blest Guardian wait upon thy Steps,
 Watch o'er thy Thoughts, and lift them to the Sky !
 [*Exit Terentia.*]

DYCARBAS *solus.*

Affist me, Heav'n ! and teach me how to act
 In this so nice, so delicate Affair :
 My youngest Hope adores yon lovely Maid ;
 And (if I'm right) the same ill-fated Passion
 Torments the Spirit of my elder Son :
 Tho' he in Secret hides the lambent Flame,

Yet

Yet the still Treason wanders in his Eyes.
 And have I nurs'd with Care these rival Flow'rs,
 And taught them long to love each other's Shade?
 Now shall I see 'em clash their Hands together,
 And in a Moment blast the Toil of Years.
 Her Inclination my Consent has join'd
 To give this beauteous Blessing to *Polonius*:
 Then how? Ah! how, shall I recant; or how
 See one Child happy, while another mourns?
 'Tis Absence then must cure this growing Ill:
 And while they both are distant from her Smiles,
 Corroding Jealousy will find no Room:
 And some new Beauty from *Lycander's* Breast
 Perhaps may banish this forbidden Fair.
 And Thou, great Pow'r, whom none can com-
 prehend;
 At whose Command the rolling Worlds around
 Keep their due Distance; nor transgress their
 Sphere;
 O let some delegated Saint receive
 My erring Children to his sacred Charge,
 And lead them softly in the Paths of Peace.

SCENE *the Garden.*

LYCANDER. T E R E N T I A.

T E R E N T I A.

W H Y do you haunt my solitary Walk,
 And make Retreat seem painful to my Soul?
 When for the Blessing of a Moment's Thought
 To these soft Shades I take my lonely Way,
 Methinks I hear your swifter Step behind:
 I fly from thence; yet in the next dark Alley
 Expect to meet the Face I fled before.

LYCANDER.

Yet 'tis no Monster that pursues you thus:
 I wear no Serpent's, nor no Tyger's Form:
 In me what is there that may cause Affright,
 And move at once your Horror and your Hate?

T E R E N T I A.

Your Form, perhaps, may please some brighter
 Fair,
 And find a Conquest worthy of itself.
 My heavy Taste was ne'er design'd to fit
 The Judge of Beauty, and external Charms;
 And

And sure I am your Spirit would disdain
That it should pass a Sentence on your Mind:
How then can you debase that lofty Soul,
Where proud Philosophy and Science reign,
And push your lordly Reason from its Throne,
To court the Favour of a peevish Girl?

LYCANDER.

Insulting Fair!—These are your Sex's Arts:
You spread your Charms to catch the heedless Eye,
To bring down Wisdom to your shining Lure;
And then upbraid the Idiots you have made.
But know, proud Maid, your Reign subsists on
Folly;
Let Men grow wise, and they will soon forsake
you;
While you, like Eastern Kings, grown mad with
Power,
Manage so ill the Morning of your Empire,
You seldom ever reach to its Meridian.

TERENTIA.

Your florid Tongue, that can so aptly paint
Another's Fault—had better turn its Theme,
And try to make Atonement for its own.

Think

Think you those Powers that our Actions view,
 Whose piercing Eyes see thro' the dusky Maze
 Of winding Subtlety, and dark Deceit,
 Will turn their strict impartial Eyes away,
 Nor look, while you supplant a Friend and Brother?

LYCANDER.

Dost thou reproach me, thou, whose subtle Charms
 First tore the Use of Reason from my Soul?
 To Darkness go with that bewitching Face;
 In some lone Cloyster hide thee from the Sun:
 Perdition hovers in thy curling Locks,
 And on thy Brow Destruction keeps her Throne.
 Oh give me back, thou smiling Sorc'refs, do,
 My former Reason, and substantial Ease.

TERENTIA.

Your Cure's at hand, if Absence be the Means:
 This Form no longer shall offend your Eyes.

[*Going.*]

LYCANDER.

Yet stay, *Terentia*—Yet a Moment stay,
 And give the Audience of a short-liv'd Minute
 To him whose Story would employ an Age.
 Proud as I am; this stubborn Heart must own

Terentia's

Terentia's Conquest—tho' it curse the Chain;
 Couldst thou behold the agonizing Pains,
 The whirling Racks, that tear my ravag'd Soul,
 'Twould claim a Tear from those relentless Eyes.
 Then give me one soft Smile before we part;
 At least, dissemble, and deceive my Woe.

TERENTIA.

Adieu, my Lord! I'll see your Face no more.

[*Exit Ter.*]

LYCANDER.

Hah! gone!—She's gone, and I am left behind:
 How left?—My Judgment, Sense, and Thought,
 are fled,

And ev'ry reasoning Faculty of Soul.

There's nothing left of me but a mere Image,
 A worthless Statue of unthinking Clay.

Can Love do this?—Confusion to its Name!

Shall I, who long have scorn'd their little Arts,
 Their practis'd Blushes, and affected Smiles;

Shall I at last commence the whining Boy,
 And scribble Sonnets to the Queen of Charms?

Ye pitying Powers, lift me to myself;

If not, Oh sweep me to an instant Grave:

Take

Take back my Spirit, or restore its Ease ;
And give me Death, or Freedom ; which you please.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *an Apartment.*

D Y C A R B A S *solus.*

O What a pleasing Magazine of Sweets
Does Virtue, planted early in the Soul,
Lay up for serious and reflecting Age !
When round my plenteous Table I behold
My lovely Daughter, with her noble Spouse ;
And next to them my two majestic Sons,
Who look as tho' they were of royal Lineage,
And born to give obedient Kingdoms Law ;
Methinks I flourish like the spreading Vine,
Whose curling Branches are with Clusters hung,
That draw their Juices from its friendly Stem.
'Tis true, *Eustathius* is giv'n to Storms,
But quickly calm'd by Reason's potent Sway,
Like Clouds that fly before the conqu'ring Sun :
These little Jars, that shake the Stream of Peace,
And vex the Spirits of these angry Lovers,
A Father's Care must dissipate, and join

These

These adverse Winds in one united Blast :
With him I've met Success ; and over her
I claim th' Authority of paternal Power.
But see, she comes——

EMILIA.

Good Morrow, sacred Sir.

DYCARBAS.

Have you lately seen *Eustathius* ?

EMILIA.

No——Like an Infant Criminal I fled;
'To hide me from a Husband's angry Frown.

DYCARBAS.

Rather, *Emilia*, should you try to sooth it :
For your tempestuous Souls, so much resembling,
Are both too haughty, and disdain Subjection :
Such little Feuds as these would quickly cease,
If either Side did but incline to Reason.
But say, *Emilia*, are your Brothers ready ?
My Orders were to forward their Departure,
And hasten each to his appointed Way.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Your Orders, Sir, will certainly be honour'd ;
 But yet I grieve at parting with *Polonius* :
 Ah ! wherefore would you trust that tender Youth
 To foreign Climates, and the dang'rous Ocean ?

DYCARBAS.

I see no Reason that I have to fear :
 That sacred Pow'r, which oft has led *Dycarbas*
 Thro' bleeding Armies, and recoiling Hosts,
 While the pale Legions trembled with Dismay,
 Through all the Terrors of the hostile Field,
 While the stain'd Armour pent my fainting Limbs,
 His Mercy will preserve my darling Son
 From barbarous Rage, and the devouring Waves :
 Besides, when Honour calls a Youth to Arms,
 She will not listen to our puny Fears,
 But stamps the Coward on a Wretch that lingers.

EMILIA.

You send *Lycander* to a distant Seat :
 But why, my Father, will you part at once
 With both the Pillars of your drooping Age ?

DYCAR-

DYCARBAS.

You know his Prefence is required there :
 But now, *Emilia*, list to what I say.
 I see your struggling Soul is still in Motion :
 The rebel Passions labour for a Vent.
 But look you curb these intellectual Storms,
 That shake the Regions of your troubled Breast :
 And if the rugged Tyrants will have Passage,
 Let them be soften'd to repenting Tears :
 Let Frowns no more contract thy lovely Brow,
 But gentle Peace, and chearful Joy, restore
 Thy smiling Features to their wonted Charms :
 For wouldst thou please, the Way is easy.—
 No more—for see the Morning Sun grows high,
 And I have some Affairs require Attendance.

[*Exit Dyc.*

EMILIA *sola.*

When this cold Heart comes like a shiv'ring Exile
 Wandering back again to this sad Bosom,
 The discontented Vagrant finds with Grief
 Its Habitation strange, and long forgotten,
 With Anguish fill'd, and longing to return ;

The

The mourning Criminal again repents,
And courts the Friendship of its lov'd *Eustathius*.

EUSTATHIUS. EMILIA.

EUSTATHIUS.

In Tears, *Emilia*?—Spare those brilliant Eyes.
The Earth's not worthy of that precious Dew:
O my *Emilia*, sure the savage Race
That range on *Libya*'s unfrequented Wilds,
Would soften into human Souls, could they
Behold the Charms of a relenting Beauty.

EMILIA.

Canst thou forgive, *Eustathius*?—If thou canst,
Receive again this penitential Heart;
And with it take a reconciling Band
Of Resolutions to offend no more.

EUSTATHIUS.

Forgive thee, Fair one!--Who beholds that Face,
And would not give the *Indies* for a Smile?
What tho' the lordly Reason of *Eustathius*
Be sometimes driven from his tott'ring Throne,
By rebel Passions, and tumultuous Storms?
This Breast has not imbib'd the Soul of *Nero*;

But

But when the fummy Vapours are dispers'd,
 And leave the Regions of my whirling Brain,
 The frighted Virtues soon regain their Seats,
 And smiling Peace unveils her tranquil Brow.

E M I L I A.

Then we again are happier than before:
 So the Clouds hover round a Morning Sun,
 To screen his Lustre from the drooping Flow'rs;
 Till his Rays, piercing through the gilded Furls,
 Chear the glad World, and make a double Day.

E U S T A T H I U S.

Believe, *Emilia*, when I chid thee from me,
 This fond Heart pleaded strongly in thy Cause,
 And gave the Lye to my offending Tongue:
 But now 'tis past; the Rebels are subdu'd;
 The warring Pow'rs return to their Allegiance,
 And court the gentle Empire of *Emilia*.
 Such short-liv'd Anger fills a Mother's Breast,
 When from her Side she casts the froward Babe:
 But when the little Criminal returns,
 Panting with Grief, and reaching at her Arms,
 The joyful Parent views him with a Smile,
 And to her Bosom takes her darling Son;

Perceives new Charms, that ne'er were seen before;
And to her Heart she hugs the smiling Store.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the Fourth.

DYCARBAS. LYCANDER. POLONIUS.

DYCARBAS.

MY Sons, be careful; 'tis a dang'rous Age;
Nor think, because you're distant from the
Reach

And strict Observance of your Father's Eye,
That you have Licence to indulge your Sense
In modern Luxury, and vicious Pleasure :
No!—Think, my Children, you are still in View
Of Heav'n's broad Eye, and self-convicting Con-
science.

LYCANDER.

Let the just Powers with a vengeful Hand
Sweep off our Bodies to an early Grave,
Ere we should live to blot your Days with Sorrow,
And shame the sacred Fountain of our Lives.

DYCAR-

DYCARBAS.

'Tis nobly spoke!—Yet Heav'n's avenging Hand
 Could not a heavier Sentence find than this,
 My Childrens Death. — Ye Pow'rs, avert the
 Thought.

No!—First let me to my cold Habitation
 Be calmly borne, and water'd with their Tears.
 'Tis not, my Sons, I dread your flagrant Sins;
 But there are smaller Crimes of Inadvertence,
 Which make a Man look little in the World,
 And blot his fair Pretension to Esteem.
 And, first, *Polonius*, as your Business lies
 Amongst those People, who, to human View,
 Appear the Gross and Rabble of Mankind,
 Let winning Mildness temper your Commands,
 And keep your Heart from Insolence and Pride.
 Be just; but fly, O fly, the Name of Cruel;
 Nor cloud thy Face with arbitrary Frowns.
 Heav'n shuts its Gates against the Name of Tyrant;
 But Mercy will unbar the blisful Doors.

POLONIUS.

You long have taught this Lesson to my Soul,
 Enforc'd by Precept, and Example too:

And should my rebel disobedient Heart
 Attempt to blot the charitable Law,
 Most justly you the Traitor might disown,
 And from my Ancestors unspotted Line
 Erase my Name, and put a Cypher there.

DYCAREBAS.

For you, *Lycander*; when you travel round
 That fair Estate, which shall be soon your own,
 View ev'ry Spot; see which will best employ
 The willing Peasant, and th' industrious Hind;
 That quaking Poverty may find Relief,
 And Plenty triumph o'er the laughing Fields.
 And now, my Children, for a while we part,
 Only to meet again with double Joy.
 So—from our Eyes the radiant Sun retires,
 And Nature seems to mourn his parting Fires.
 Dejected Flow'rs their fading Heads recline,
 And thro' their Tears the drooping Lilies shine;
 Till ruddy Morning lifts her dawning Eye,
 And fresher Gales perfume the healthful Sky:
 Then the gay Fields in fairer Beauty show,
 And rosy Buds in dewy Mantles glow;
 The joyful Linnets hop from Spray to Spray,
 Clap their glad Wings, and hail returning Day.



A C T II.

SCENE *a Dressing-Room.*

TERENTIA. CLAUDIA.

TERENTIA.

WHAT mean, ye Pow'rs, these visionary
Fears,

These horrid Forms, that hover round my Soul,
And with pale Terror shake her Midnight Hours?
Last Night, when Nature, wrapp'd in solemn Shade,
Sank down to Rest, and *Cynthia's* Silver Beams
Had lighted up the Canopy of Heav'n ;
My thoughtful Soul, grown weary of herself,
Forsook the Guidance of her cumbrous Charge,
And dropp'd supine into the Arms of Rest.
Then sickly Fancy, with a dreadful Crew
Of black Ideas, crouded on my Brain,
Methought, in pensive Darknes, and alone,
I wander'd thro' yon high and gloomy Hall ;

When at the farther End a feeble Light
 Sprung up, and quiver'd o'er a marble Tomb;
 There lay the perfect Figure of *Emilia*,
 With Cheeks like Ashes, and her Bosom bloody:
 A sleeping Phantom at her Feet was laid,
 Whose pale Hand grasp'd a visionary Dagger.
 Trembling, and shrieking, from the horrid Sight
 I turn'd;—but stumbled on a slaughter'd Heap,
 Whose muffled Faces from my Eyes were hid.
 I drew the Cov'ring from the Head of one;
 And, O! methought—methought, it was *Dycarbas*.

CLAUDIA.

These are but idle Phantoms, only drawn
 From broken Rest, and indigested Fumes;

TERENTIA.

So may it be!—Yet something like a Doubt
 Still hovers on my discontented Soul.
Lycander has again renew'd the Siege,
 And teas'd my Patience with his hated Love,
 I know his Temper haughty and severe,
 And to the utmost jealous of his Honour.
 But, O ye Powers, sweep me from the Light,
 Ere I should blast these hospitable Doors,
 And,

And, like the blazing Heralds of Despair,
Point out Destruction to this friendly Dwelling.

CLAUDIA.

See!—The Lord *Polonius*.

POLONIUS.

Terentia, softest of thy gentle Kind,
What fullen Sorrows dare approach thy Soul,
And draw a Mist before those chearful Eyes?
Where are the Graces, and the sportive Smiles,
That us'd to wanton in thy pleasing Face?

TERENTIA.

What has *Terentia* now to do with Smiles?
No! let them grace some happier Maid than I,
Whose kinder Genius crowns her Days with
Pleasure,

And her soft Nights with undisturb'd Repose.
My Soul is rack'd with visionary Woes,
And boding Whispers fill her waking Hours.
Unkind *Polonius*! Wherefore would you fly,
And leave *Terentia*, for the sake of Fame?
Ah! cheated Youth! thy disappointed Heart
Will soon grow weary of its airy Mistress.

Tho' smiling Honour with her painted Plumes
 May draw thy partial Reason to her Side;
 Yet think what Handmaids wait behind her
 Throne;

Double-tongu'd Flatt'ry, and designing Fraud;
 Care in the Front, and Danger in the Rear,

POLONIUS.

Thy Voice, my Fair, is sweet as hymning Angels;
 Thy soft Complaining enters deeply here,
 And melts the Manhood from my yielding Soul,
 O then forbear! Nor clip my rising Wings.

Ere Nature cuts the slender Twine of Life,
 I'd fain do something worthy of my Birth;
 Something that may inform a future Age,
Polonius liv'd; and Thus and Thus did he.

When I have heard my good old Father paint
 The dreadful Splendor of a glorious Field,
 Methought I saw the streaming Colours wave,
 And shining Lances sparkle to the Sun:
 My youthful Cheeks grew warm at the Description,

And Hopes of Glory fill'd my infant Soul.

TEREN.

TERENTIA.

And where will all these short-liv'd Glories fly,
When those fair Eyelids shall be clos'd in Death,
And thou no more behold the chearful Sun?
Then shall those Laurels, dearly bought by thee,
Be soon transplanted to some worthless Brow.
Deluded Boy!—But go, I will not stay thee;
And leave me here to Solitude and Care.
Some fairer Dame shall please thy lofty Mind;
I ne'er was made to fit a Hero's Arms.

POLONIUS.

No, barb'rous Maid!—Not doting Misers dwell
So fondly o'er their shining Heaps of Gold,
As my sad Spirits on their lov'd *Terentia*.
Could I suspect that lurking e'er *
Would stain the Core of this apostate Heart;
Myself should tear it from its secret Cell,
And throw the panting Victim at your Feet,
I swear——

TERENTIA.

No Oaths, my Friend; leave them to smiling
Villains,

Who

* A Blank left here.

Who plot the Ruin of unthinking Maids :
 I'd rather trust *Polonius* on his Word,
 Than take the Bond of all his Sex beside.
 But see, alas ! the rolling Sun grows high,
 And we must part—O ! When to meet again ?

POLONIUS.

Let no foreboding Thought disturb thy Peace,
 Nor wound my trembling Spirit with thy Tears :
 Fear not but we shall quickly meet.—Till then
 May heav'nly Guardians hover round my Fair,
 And smiling Angels fan her into Slumbers !
 Ye Powers, make this Innocent your Care ;
 And teach me how to bid my Love—Farewel.

[*Exit Pol.*

TERENTIA.

Farewel.—O spare the solitary Sound :
 Just then the Raven rais'd a fearful Cry,
 And from yon gloomy Elm the Bird of Night
 Return'd her Answer with a hideous Scream.
 You pitying Heavens, whose eternal Gates
 Are always open to the Cries of Woe ;
 O ! shut them not against *Terentia's* Prayer :
 Whatever Sorrows are for her decreed,

This willing Head shall meet the falling Rod:
But only spare, O! spare, my lov'd *Polonius*;
And when you blend the deadly Draught of Life,
Throw this one Jewel in the fatal Cup,
This only Gem; and let the rest be Gall.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E the Second.

LYCANDER.

W H Y, what a Bubble is this Creature, Man!
So light! So inconsistent with himself!
That at ten times he seems ten different Creatures.
Just so I find it here.—This haughty Soul,
That never trembled at a threat'ning Foe,
Must own the Empire of a puny Woman.
O! say, ye heav'nly Delegates, that bear
The kingly Guidance of this moving Clay,
What Power is it plays the Tyrant thus,
That binds my Soul in these ignoble Chains?
Must I at last be call'd the Slave of Beauty,
And wear the Shackles of a smiling Girl?
O! Reason, Reason, help my failing Sense,
And free these Regions that were once thy own.

EMILIA.

EMILIA. LYCANDER.

EMILIA.

Lycander here!—A Tempest on his Brow!
 How now! my Brother, do you linger here?
 My Father lately told me you was gone.

LYCANDER.

'Tis not *Lycander*, but a coward Shade,
 That fears to launch in Death's eternal Ocean,
 And panting hovers round its earthly Dome.
 O my *Emilia*, I've surviv'd myself,
 And know not how to act in this new Being.
 How comes it? I, whose Soul was only read
 In stern Philosophy, and sacred Morals;
 Who look'd on Beauty with a careless Eye,
 Nor paid the least Attention to its Charms;
 What Magic bids me now so fondly dote
 On what so lately I disdain'd to look on?
 Woman, a Feather in the Cap of Nature!
 I hate the Sex: And yet I love *Terentia*.

EMILIA.

And can you then so easily resign

Your

Your fair Pretensions to imperial Wisdom?
 Canst thou be taught the Fawn of supple Lovers,
 And the soft Languish of pretending Swains?
 We are not won by honest homely Truths,
 But gilded Artifice, and well-bred Lyes.
 Couldst thou do this to gain a beauteous Idol,
 With childish Features, and a sprightly Air?

LYCANDER.

I know the Weakness of your simple Kind:
 You stand like blushing Beds of annual Flow'rs,
 For one short Season, to allure the Eye:
 Yet this fair Mischief! She has something still,
 That wins our partial Senses to her Side:
 Each little Action wears a graceful Ease,
 And doubly charms, because it was *Terentia's*.

EMILIA!

But then, *Lycander*, she's your Brother's Right:
 O strive to conquer this unlucky Flame,
 Lest it should blaze into a Conflagration,
 And light up Discord, with her Hand-maid Ruin.

LYCAN-

LYCANDER.

Hence with thy dull Philosophy, and leave
 Those stupid Waters for the Draught of Fools;
 For I am half-way down the desp'rate Steep:
 My Brain grows giddy, and I can't go back,
 Altho' 'tis moated round with deep Destruction:
 Is there not a rev'rend Sage, call'd *Time*,
 Who guides the Infancy of great Events;
 A Foster-father to the Babes of Fate?
 To him I'll trust the Sceptre of my Passion,
 And let the End be Happiness, or Woe.
 But get thee gone to this enchanting Maid,
 And plead the Cause of thy unhappy Brother:
 I know the Friendship that subsists between you:
 To you she'll listen, tho' you talk of me.
 Go, summon all thy Sex's gentle Wiles,
 And with Persuasion tip thy artful Tongue.

EMILIA.

How if it chance our Father comes to know
 You linger here, and should suspect the Cause?
 Alas! *Lycander* — Be thyself again,
 Or find some Way to hide this new-born Folly.

LYCAN-

LYCANDER.

This native Pride binds up my stubborn Soul :
 And yet I'd see *Terentia* ere we part.
 I'll to yon Grove, and hide myself from View,
 Till dusky Gloom o'erspreads the Ev'ning Sky :
 Do thou, my best *Emilia*, meet me there,
 And bring *Terentia* to the balmy Shade.

EMILIA.

And canst thou injure thus thy absent Brother?
 Canst thou steal in upon his blooming Hope,
 And from his Bosom rend the darling Joy?

LYCANDER.

O! my *Emilia*, spare the keen Reproach,
 Lest I grow desp'rate, and forget my Nature.
Brother, 'tis true, was late a pleasing Name;
 But *Rival* now is twisted with the Sound.
 This boiling Bosom cannot bear Remorse;
 So, for my Ease, I'll never think again.

EMILIA.

Once more, be calm; you shall command *Emilia* :
 I find my better Reason must give way

To

To mightier Fondness, and a Sister's Love.
 My partial Tongue shall learn to plead thy Cause,
 And bring *Terentia* to the Poplar Grove.

LYCANDER.

Hark, *Emilia*—'tis my Father's Step;
 I'd rather meet my Death than him.—Farewel.

[*Exit* Lycander.

EMILIA. DYCARBAS.

DYCARBAS.

Didst thou not call, *Emilia*?

EMILIA.

Not I, my Lord.

DYCARBAS.

Then, alas! What means my coward Fancy?
 As lately in my Chair I sat reclin'd,
 A heavy Gloom crept o'er my weary Soul,
 And peaceful Slumber clos'd my willing Eyes:
 But then a Voice struck thro' my trembling Ears,
 And call'd for Succour with a horrid Scream,
 I am not superstitious: Yet my Soul
 Would fain persuade some Evil is at hand.

EM I-

EMILIA.

The gracious Pow'rs will guard these silver Hairs
From black Misfortune, and disastrous Chance;
Nor let the Pictures of a sickly Fancy
Disturb the Quiet of your guiltless Soul.
Our Fates can ne'er employ th' immortal Pow'rs,
Nor call for Omens from the troubled Sky.
'Tis true, perhaps, to shake a guilty Empire,
Heav'n sends its fiery Heralds of Despair;
Then frightful Meteors through the Welkin fly;
The conscious Earth shakes with convulsive Tremors,
And Kingdoms nod upon her failing Brow;
But we are distant from these pale-ey'd Fears
That hover round Ambition, and a Crown.

DYCARBAS.

'Tis true, my Child; yet this foreboding Spirit
Still droops and trembles with unusual Fears.
Griefs and Misfortunes all Mankind must share;
They shake the Basis of the shining Throne,
And scatter Thorns upon the Labourer's Pillow.
The Difference is; th' Afflictions of the Poor

In secret lurk within the narrow Walls,
 While the disastrous Hap of haughty Kings
 Strikes like a fun'ral Dirge through trembling
 Nations:

But tho' in Silence lie the Peasant's Woes;
 Though they're not wafted round the wond'ring
 Globe,

Nor doubly sounded thro' the Trump of Fame;
 Yet may his Spirit taste the keen Sensation
 Of biting Sorrow, and Heart-racking Care.

Think not, *Emilia*, that thy Father's Soul,
 Enur'd to Watchings, Dangers, and Alarms,
 Can startle at the Jaws of gaping Death:
 No! 'Tis not Death I fear: — 'Tis something worse.
 But, what? — The grisly Horror wants a Name.
 Yet why should I torment this feeble Heart
 With groundless Doubts, and superstitious Fears?
 I'll to my Closet, and resign my Life
 To the Protection of its heav'nly Guard.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E *the Court.*LEONARDO *solus.*

THUS am I past through these free-op'ning
Gates,

Who know not what a Foe is enter'd in.

This Day I've measur'd thirty weary Miles,

And at their End am safely 'lighted here.

And what's my Bus'ness here?—It is Revenge,

The only Cordial of neglected Love.

Here lives *Emilia* and *Eustatbius*.—Confusion to
their Names!

Emilia! O thou marble-hearted Minion!

What restless Days have I endur'd for thee?

My Love, my honourable Vows refus'd!

And that fair Prize which I so vainly sought,

In Triumph carry'd by my Uncle's Son.

Yet, stay; beat softly, O my swelling Heart,

And wait the Vengeance of victorious Fraud.

If I am right, this unexpected Visit

Shall prove unlucky to the doting Pair.

How gay, how blithsom are yon flow'ry Hills

And blooming Groves, that shade this happy

Dwelling!

All these I hate ; and, for their Owners sake,
 Could wish 'em barren, like a *Scythian* Wild.

So the grand Foe of human Kind, like me,
 Arriv'd within fair *Eden's* blissful Bounds ;
 There felt, like me, the keen alternate Pangs
 Of Admiration, Hatred, and Despair.

Alike our Aim ; both Mischief, his and mine.
 No Matter ; I have lost the Sense of Joy,
 Excepting this,—To breed Dissension here.

Invention, aid me ; for I know the Temper,
 The fiery Spirit of my hot-brain'd Cousin.

His lordly Soul will startle into Rage

Upon the least Surmise of twinging Jealousy :

And next I know the mercenary Soul

Of his corrupt Attendant—apt in Fraud,

And free to sell his Conscience for a Bribe.

All this I find will do.—But here's *Eustathius*.

EUSTATHIUS. LEONARDO.

EUSTATHIUS.

Leonardo!—Welcome, gentle Cousin.

'Tis long, my Friend, since last you bless'd our
 Eyes :

But for the future be you less unkind,

And

And with your Prefence chear our fmiling Plains.
 Our good old Fathers liv'd in ftrictest Amity,
 And left a fair Example to their Sons.
 Give me thy Hand, my deareft *Leonardo*:
 Coufins we are ;--our Fathers made us fo ;
 But let our Friendship fpeak us more than Brothers.

DYCARBAS.

Thrice welcome, *Leonard*—Methinks I fee
 Thy Father's Image in thy pleasing Form.
 Such Entertainment as the Country yields,
 Be thine, together with our beft Esteem.

LEONARDO.

I thank you both ———
 Full well I know where Gratitude is due :
 And being fhortly to fet out for Travel,
 I could not calmly leave my native Shore,
 Till I had feen the Faces of my Friends,
 I'th' foremoft Rank of which I place *Eufthius*.

EUSTATHIUS.

Come, let us feek Refreshment for thy Spirits,
 And toast our Sires o'er the fparkling Wine.

LEONARDO.

I'll follow in a Moment.

[*Exeunt* Dyc, & Eustath.

Now, potent Malice, now assist my Brain,
And bring the still-born Mischief into Life.

Revenge, thou Goddess with the foamy Jaws,
Instruct thy Vot'ry, and protect his Cause.
Send out thy Hand-maid with her snaky Hair;
Let raging Discord seize the hated Pair.
So may thy Temples ring with shrieking Woe,
And purple Fires on their Altars glow;
Till Tyrants grim o'er Hills of Slaughter stride,
And Death shall wallow in a crimson Tide;
While flaming Arrows, by thy Fury hurl'd,
Shall pour Destruction o'er the bleeding World.





ACT III.

SCENE the First.

LEONARDO.

O! What a Torment is the restless Soul,
When she would imp her Wings with noble
Vengeance,

But wants a Hand to aid the precious Work!

Who's here?—Hah! 'Tis the Servant of *Eustathius*.

Now for a lusty Bribe, and larger Promise,

To sweep off Conscience from his harden'd Breast,

And make the temper'd Villain all my own.

Ho! *Plynus*.

PLYNUS.

Sir, your Servant.

LEONARDO.

That Title, *Plynus*, is too mean for thee:

M 4

Wouldst

Wouldst thou be rul'd, my Hero, I would make
thee

Thy Master's Betters, and myself thy Friend.

PLYNUS.

Sir, without Vanity, I cannot think
That Nature form'd me for his Lordship's Slave.
I have a Spirit daring and ambitious :
'Tis fashion'd too with ev'ry little Art :
Might serve its End in some genteel Employment.
First for the Law a Conscience ready fear'd ;
A Soldier's Impudence ; a Draper's Lye ;
Diffimulation for the Court ;—and then
Perhaps my Brains would hardly style me Poet ;
Yet by my Poverty I think I'm one,

LEONARDO.

Why, thou'rt the very Essence of my Wants ;
A useful Complication of Abilities.

Here, take this Purse, and with it ev'ry Wish ;
For there lies Honour, Pleasure, and Esteem,
Nay, Friendship too ; for in our Trading Age,
That, like the rest, is hourly bought and sold.

PLYNUS.

What future Service must your Slave perform,
For this so large unmerited Reward?

LEONARDO.

Thy Faith, my *Plynus*; That I only ask:
To wear my Trust; and shake thy Master's off,
But first away with ev'ry puny Doubt,
Each Pause of Honour, and religious Qualm.

PLYNUS.

That's a Distemper that I never knew.

LEONARDO.

Know then, our Bus'ness is Revenge and Hate,
To light up Jealousy, and cruel Rage:
But be thou secret; yes, and faithful too;
For if thou dar'st to make this Friend thy Foe,
'Twere better thou hadst play'd with burning
Sulphur,
Or ventur'd naked through a Conflagration.
But come with me, and thou shalt learn thy Lesson.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE the Second.

EMILIA. TERENTIA.

TERENTIA.

ALAS! forbear thy Suit, my gentle Friend.
 The *Alpine* Mountains are not colder:—No;
 Nor frozen *Scythia's* unfrequented Wilds,
 Than is my Heart, whenc'er *Lycander's* nam'd.

EMILIA.

And yet, my lov'd *Terentia*, one would think
 The sunny Beams that round thy Features play,
 Join'd to the Sighs of a beseeching Friend,
 Would make the icy Citadel dissolve.

TERENTIA.

No, my *Emilia*; not the scorching Rays
 That sparkle on *Arabia's* burning Sands,
 Could change the State of this relentless Breast,
 Without the Image of its lov'd *Polonius*.

EMILIA.

Lycander's Form may please the nicest Eye:
 His Shape, his Features, and majestic Air,

Are

Are such as Queens might gaze on with Delight.
 Then say, *Terentia*, what's the secret Charm,
 The wond'rous Spell that clouds thy partial Eyes,
 And draws thy Spirit to my younger Brother?

T E R E N T I A.

Polonius wears an universal Charm.
 Whate'er you find that strikes a tender Fancy
 In soft Romances, or in rapt'rous Song:
 What charming Objects meet our ravish'd Eyes
 In smiling Nature, or the Realms of Art:
 These Graces fly, as to their native Home,
 And centre in the Face of my *Polonius*.

E M I L I A.

I know, my Friend, 'tis Folly to dispute
 With Love, with Madness, and a Woman's Fancy:
 But yet, *Terentia*, yet I fain would know
 Where lies the Ground of your Distaste; and why
Lycander, who can charm his list'ning Friends,
 Who never ceas'd, but the admiring Circle
 Attentive sat, and wish'd him to proceed,
 Should thus fall short of his *Terentia's* Favour.

TERENTIA.

Pride is a fav'rite Passion of the Soul.
 Some latent Sparks and some minute Degrees
 Of Self-Conceit are wove with ev'ry Mind.
 This Vice, when planted in a gen'rous Soil,
 Shoots into Enterprizes and Exploits,
 To manly Courage, and to grand Ambition.
 Our Souls are much more nice, tho' not so daring.
 Small Trifles take Possession of our Spirits,
 And stir them up to Rapture, or Disdain;
 And sure there's nothing grates a Woman's Pride
 Like the Behaviour of a haughty Lover.
 Methinks, whene'er *Lycander* walks beside me
 With awful Brows, and stern Interrogations,
 I gaze upon him with a kind of Horror,
 While his fierce Eye-balls sparkle with Disdain.
 Then, who, my dear *Emilia*, who would trust
 Her Person with a Man that fain would hate her?

EMILIA.

Your tender Years, *Terentia*, make you slight
 Substantial Merit for a smiling Face.
 Too partial Maid, you wrong *Lycander's* Love,
 Who

Who for your sake has risqu'd his Father's Anger;
 And wanders lonely in the poplar Shade,
 Till the dim Night shall favour his Retreat:
 Till then, he stays to take a short Farewel,
 And begs an Audience of his lov'd *Terentia*.

T E R E N T I A.

What says *Emilia*!—Surely I mistake:
 Thou art my Guide, my Counsellor, and Friend:
 And wouldst thou lead my unexperienc'd Soul
 Thro' the dark Paths of Falshood and Deceit?
 Shall I delude the dear believing Youth
 With Shew of Kindness, and fictitious Vows?
 But ere the Sun, that saw our parting Tears,
 Has made his nimble Circuit round the Globe,
 Shall I (i'th' Face of Heaven and *Dycarbas*)
 Discard his Image from my changing Heart,
 And make an Affignation with his Brother?

E M I L I A.

Not so, *Terentia*:—You have wrong'd my Love,
 To think I favour Perjury and Crimes.
 'Tis true, *Lycander* for his Portion claims
 The greater Share of this too partial Heart.
 Our equal Years, our mutual Pleasures, join'd,

And

And gave to him the Birth-right of Esteem;
 I view his Failings with a mournful Eye,
 Partake his Sorrows, and divide his Care.
 And well, *Terentia*—O! too well you know
 Th' impetuous Temper of my Brother's Mind.
 Hearts, great as his, are not with Ease reclaim'd:
 Mad with Reproach, they'd rather break than
 yield:

Such boiling Spirits should be gently tam'd,
 Gain'd o'er by Hope, and cheated into Reason.

TERENTIA.

Then what, *Emilia*, wouldst thou have me do?
 Ah! find some Way, without the Help of Guile,
 Or some Excuse, to palliate its Wrong.
 Why was I born? And wherefore came I here?
 To breed Distraction in these friendly Walls?
 O! had I liv'd neglected and forlorn
 In some low Dome, where Dirt and Hunger reign;
 Then should this Form, enwrapp'd in rustic
 Weeds,
 And rudely blasted by the Summer's Sun,
 Allure no wand'ring Eye, nor be the Cause,
 The cursed Cause of Jealousy and Rage.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Be calm, *Terentia*, and restrain thy Tears,
 And form no more imaginary Crimes.
 What mighty Boon is this, that I request,
 To see *Lycander*?—Take a gentle Leave,
 And send him hence in Doubts, but not Despair.
 Then say, Where lies the Guilt in this Concession?
 And where's the Cause of this romantic Grief;
 This frighted Aspect, and these streaming Eyes?

TERENTIA.

This Tongue, unlearn'd in the dissembling Trade,
 Will surely speak the Dictates of my Heart:
 Nor think, *Emilia*, tho' the balmy Sweets
 Of *Hybla* dwelt upon thy melting Tongue,
 Think not to change the Temper of my Soul:
 Then yet desist, and drop th'unpleasing Theme.

EMILIA.

So deeply fix'd!—Then I will try no more,
 No more, to change the Object of thy Love:
 But, O! if Friendship ever warm'd thy Breast,
 Or Pity touch'd the Fibres of thy Heart,
 I charge thee yet comply with my Request,

The

The little Favour of a short Farewel ;
 For, ah! the deadly Consequence I dread,
 Which may attend on thy too rash Denial.

TERENTIA.

In what a Labyrinth am I involv'd?
 And who will bear me from the giddy Maze?
 Am I—Am I, to be th' imputed Cause
 Of Hate, Diffension, and—(O! save, *Emilia*,
 O my *Emilia*! save me from the Thought)
 Of Death and Slaughter? Horrible to name!

Yes, I will go: I'll go where you desire:
 And when the Sun has left our *weeping* * Field,
 Thyself shalt lead me to the poplar Grove;
 Tho' my foreboding Heart is big with something
 Fearfully black, and terrible as Night.

EMILIA.

Throw off these coward Vapours of the Brain,
 These fanfy'd Shadows, that torment the Sex.
 We rack our Bosoms with prophetic Ills,
 Yet rush on those that lie before our View.
 There can no Ill from your Compliance spring;
 From your Refusal many might arise:

But

But let us walk a little, and divert
These gloomy Thoughts that hover on thy Mind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the Third.

PLYNUS. LEONARDO.

[PLYNUS.]

SOFT! This is my Lady's Chamber.

[LEONARDO.]

Now for some Instrument of sweet Revenge:
And here is one that suits my Purpose well.

[*Takes up a Glove, and wraps a Paper in it.*]

Come hither, *Plynus*: Do thy Spirits faint?

Look, here is that will make the Coward bold;
Can sweep the Horrors from *Medusa's* Brow,
And make her lovely as the Queen of Charms.

[*Gives Money.*]

But hearkye, Wilt thou be a faithful Villain?

For by *Alecto*, and the steaming Lakes,

That roll blue Sulphur thro' the *Stygian* Realms,

If thou art false, and balk'st my just Revenge,

Not Doors of burning Brass, nor Rocks of Adamant,

Nor Hell itself, shall guard thee from my Fury.

PLYNUS.

Sir, fear me not; I am your Slave for ever.

LEONARDO.

Come hither then. Dost thou behold this Brand ?
This little Torch shall light up burning Rage,
And prove the Basis of eternal Jars.

This Paper seems as written by *Emilia* :
I have, with Care, exactly match'd her Hand ;
Thanks to a scornful Billet of her own,
That serv'd me for a Copy.— But d'ye mark ?
Those fraudulent Lines contain an Affignation
Beneath the Shade of yonder poplar Grove ;
And I have fill'd the well-dissembled Scrawl
With kind Reproaches, Hints of former Love,
And all the Daggers for a jealous Soul.

Now, what remains depends upon thy Care.
In one short Minute I shall leave this Place ;
Then thou must bring this Paper with its Token,
To wound the Eyes of thy detested Lord,
And say I dropp'd it, as you held my Stirrup.
O! how it would delight my thirsty Soul,
To see *Eustatbius* rage, and wish in vain
To meet the Sword of his imagin'd Rival.

Then,

Then, for *Emilia*, she but justly suffers ;
 Her Punishment 's not equal to her Scorn.
 I lov'd her once ; but soon the transient Flame
 Chang'd into Fury, and relentless Hate.
 This haughty Spirit was not made to cringe,
 Nor tremble at the Frown of worthless Woman.

PLYNUS.

Your Orders, Sir, shall truly be observ'd.

LEONARDO.

See that thou dost it ; and expect Reward :
 I'll heap Preferments on thy faithful Brow ;
 But, if thou fail, make up thy 'Count with Heav'n ;
 For Death and Vengeance follow at thy Heels.

[*Exit* Leonardo.

PLYNUS.

A bloody Fellow this!——
 Why, what a Medly here has he made up
 Of Vengeance, Death, and Heaven, all at once !
 I fear the Bill is long 'twixt me and Heav'n ;
 We have not reckon'd for these many Years.
 But, what said he before ?
 It was Preferment.——That's a glorious Sound :

Who would not be a Villain for Preferment?
 Now to my Cue.—But if I chance to meet
 A Stab i'th' Guts, for my unwelcome Message?
 What then!—Why, then I die a Soldier's Death,
 And sleep amongst those honourable Fools,
 Who take the shortest Way to meet Preferment.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E the Fourth.

Enter EUSTATHIUS.

WHAT Whims are these? — I am not jealous, sure.

Methought, when *Leonardo* parted from us,
 His cunning Eyes spoke something to *Emilia*;
 But look'd on me with a disdainful Glare.
 I know he once laid Siege to my *Emilia*;
 But then he met a vigorous Repulse:
 Her Inclination gave her Hand to me.
 Besides, I've watch'd her Countenance; but there
 The strictest Eye could trace no guilty Feature.
 Then what curst Fury, with a Serpent's Fraud
 Has breath'd Suspicion in this aking Breast?
 Henceforth I'll guard the Outworks of my Heart,
 And

And not a Thought shall find Admittance there,
But, what are Friends to my belov'd *Emilia*.

PLYNUS. EUSTATHIUS.

PLYNUS.

My Lord! — [Starting.

EUSTATHIUS.

Well: — And wherefore dost thou start and
tremble?

What's in thy Hand; a Woman's Glove? Whose
is it?

PLYNUS.

Indeed, my Lord, I know not whose it is:
Your Cousin dropt it, as I held his Stirrup.

EUSTATHIUS.

Hah! Let's see't. Confusion! 'Tis my Wife's.
Slave, speak. — Say once again, Where didst thou
find it?

PLYNUS.

My Lord!

EUSTATHIUS.

Damnation! — Dost thou trifle?

Speak quick, or else I'll pin thee to the Ground,
And tread thy worthless Carcase to the Centre.

PLYNUS.

Patience, my Lord! I told you once before,
Your Cousin dropp'd it. I can tell no further.

EUSTATHIUS.

Hence, Raven! [*Exit Plynus.*

My Wife's Glove!—Yes, it is my Wife's.

O Torture! Stay; there's something in it too.

Come out, thou curst Packet of Iniquity!

Death and Furies! 'Tis *Emilia's* Hand!

O! my sick Eyes would shun the hateful Scrawl;

But this inquisitive and curious Soul

Will needs be searching for the Depths of Ruin.

[*Reads.*]

My dearest *Leonardo*! [*Eust. Confusion blast him!*

Not your Unkindness, no, nor Death itself,

Can blot the dear Remembrance from my Heart

[*Eust. Good!*

Of those past Hours that crown'd *Emilia's* Joy.

I love thee still, thou dear dissembling Man:

Your late Repentance too has melted down

My Resolutions ne'er to see you more.

But, O! I fear my Husband's jealous Eye;

[*Eust. Confounded Harlot!*

There—

Therefore be gone, and take a formal Leave :
 But when the Night has spread her fable Wing
 O'er the still Regions; then, my *Leonardo*,
 O then, my lovely Penitent, return,
 And I will meet thee in the poplar Grove.

EUSTATHIUS.

Racks, Whirlwinds, Lakes of living Fire!
 O! these are nothing to the Pangs I feel.
 The fabled Wretch in *Pluto's* dreary Realms,
 Whose rising Liver feeds eternal Pain,
 And the keen Hunger of two raging Vulturs;
 The Moral of the Tale is only this :
 The Slave was jealous.—O my throbbing Heart!
The poplar Grove!—Remember that :—'Tis well.
 O sweet Revenge! I hear thy cordial Whisper.
 This Sword shall wash that horrid Shade with
 Blood,
 And make it famous as the Walls of *Ilion*.
 But first on thee I'll wreak my growing Rage,
 Thou secret Pander of detested Lust :
 To Atoms go, and mingle with the Air :
 Infect the healthy Atmosphere, and breathe
 A Race of Cuckolds on the tainted Kingdom.
 What's here? *Emilia*?—O thou fair Betrayer!
 Look how she walks with that unruffled Air,

As unconcern'd as tho' her Breast were Heav'n.

O! say, is 't possible that beauteous Form

Should prove the painted Sepulchre of Sin?

Yet wonder not ; since Fiends themselves can wear
Celestial Plumes, and tinge their Cheeks with
Heav'n.

But I'll begone ; for those bewitching Eyes

Would melt Resentment to unmanly Tears.

[*Exit Eustath.*

EMILIA.

Alas! What made *Eustathius* quit the Place,

As tho' I'd been a Basilisk, and brought

Infectious Poison in my deathful Eyes?

Methought his Cheeks were pale, and wet with
Tears ;

Grim Horror sat upon his alter'd Brow ;

And when he cast his rolling Eyes on me,

Methought his angry Soul was mounted there,

And look'd as tho' 'twould burst the crystal
Casements.

What have I done that may deserve this Usage?

Perhaps some Villain has defam'd my Virtue :

But that's an idle Thought : For who was e'er

Condemn'd without th' Appearance of a Crime?

I'll think no more ; but trust myself to Heav'n :

And

And yet there's something hovers on my Soul :
 This cold Heart flutters, tho' it knows not why ;
 And my Eyes rain involuntary Showers.

The Night comes on : I'll haste to meet *Lycander*,
 And lead *Terentia* to th' appointed Shade.

Alas ! what mean these melancholy Thoughts ?

There's something tells, this foolish Interview
 Will find a Period tragical and dark.

My Father's Fears dwell heavy on my Heart ;
 But sure no Punishment can point at him.

O Thou, from whom these rolling Worlds began,
 Thou great Protector of unworthy Man !

What secret Guilt for angry Vengeance calls ;

Whate'er Misfortunes threat our destin'd Walls,

Let good *Dycarbas* 'scape the falling Blow :

O ! keep my Parent from the Jaws of Woe.

On me ! On me, let all thy Shafts be hurl'd,

And sweep *Emilia* from the gazing World.

But when in Death these ghastly Eyes shall roll,

Extend thy Mercy to my parting Soul :

And let her rise amid the shining Host,

A blisful Being, and a guiltless Ghost.

ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE the First.

EUSTATHIUS. EMILIA.

EMILIA.

IN vain you fly from her that still pursues,
 And still unkindly hide the secret Cause
 Of Discontent, that shakes your lab'ring Breast.
 I know there's something in your solemn Heaves,
 Your broken Answers, and your sullen Frowns.

EUSTATHIUS.

Must I for Days, for Months, and rolling Years,
 Be thus tormented with the Din of Tongues?
 Suppose I'm sick : What then? — Or out of
 Temper :—

My Thoughts are not accountable to you.
 Henceforward know the Distance of a Wife ;
 Nor dare to step beyond her scanty Bounds.

EMILIA.

EMILIA.

Is this your Fondness for your lov'd *Emilia*?
 Am I already loathsome to your Eyes?
 Look on my Face, that Face you lately swore
 Was fair as Morning, or the smiling Spring.
 Am I grown old since Yesterday? And have
 The transient Charms so quickly lost their
 Dwelling?

Am I despis'd, while yet the ruddy Blush
 Glows in my Cheek?—In Youth am I despis'd?
 What then remains for Wrinkles and old Age?

[*Weeps.*EUSTATHIUS. [*Aside.*

O Crocodile! O well-diffembled Tears!
 Say, shall I now upbraid her with her Crime,
 And dash her Guilt on that designing Face?
 No, that will but employ her female Arts,
 Dark-winding Subtlety, and smooth Evasion:
 As yet in secret I'll endure my Wrongs,
 And trace her Falshood to its utmost Length.

[*To Emilia.*

No, my *Emilia*, thou art still as fair

As

As Love's bright Queen, to ev'ry Eye but mine :
 Yet I had rather, for the sake of Change,
 That thou wert foul and ugly as *Medusa*.

EMILIA.

'Tis strange, my Lord, how much your Palates
 vary,
 Ere your proud Stomachs are reduc'd by Marriage.
 Agreeable and soft will not go down ;
 Your Taste can relish nothing less than Charms ;
 Till *Hymen* comes with his contrasted Magic,
 Makes ev'ry Object wear a brighter Face,
 And nothing then is odious, but your Wives.

EUSTATHIUS.

Your Satire has exactly hit the Case :
 Yet let us, since we can no more be happy,
 Be calmly cold, and fashionably sullen.
 Reproaches sound too harshly on the Ear ;
 They tire the Hearer, and the Speaker too.
 I'll to my Study : Shall I ask your Presence ?

EMILIA.

Not yet, my Lord ; I'd take the Air a little.
 The solitary Skies are thick and gloomy ;
 Yet not unpleasant ; and it suits my Temper.

E U S T A -

EUSTATHIUS.

Confusion ! —

[*Aside.*

To E M I L I A.

Harkye, my Friend ; a Word, before you go.

Have you not heard of unsuspected Danger ;

Of Snakes, of Adders, hid with flow'ring Rose ?

Once more, I say, beware of walking late, —

Aside.] Lest some of these may reach thy guilty
Heart.

To E M I L I A.

Farewel. —

[*Exit Eust.*

E M I L I A.

What does he mean ? His rolling Eyes shot Fire,
And turn'd upon me with a horrid Glare.

Is this the Treatment of unhappy Wives ?

Ah ! who would then be counted in the Number ?

And why did Heav'n's creating Power form

Amongst his Works, one Creature only doom'd

To lasting Anguish, and perpetual Chains ?

And yet inspir'd us with a thinking Soul,

To taste our Sorrows with a keener Relish ?

Our servile Tongues are taught to cry for Pardon

Ere the weak Senses know the Use of Words :

Our little Souls are tortur'd by Advice ;

And moral Lectures stun our Infant Years :

Thro'

Thro' check'd Desires, Threatnings, and Restraint,
 The Virgin runs ; but ne'er outgrows her Shackles ;
 They still will fit her, even to hoary Age.
 With lordly Rulers Women still are curs'd ;
 But the last Tyrant always proves the worst.

SCENE *the Grove.*

EMILIA.

IN what dark Alley have I lost *Terentia*?

What Whim, what sep'rate Fancy could induce
 That simple Girl to wander from my Side?

I thought my Brother had been here before me.

The Night is gloomy, and the fullen Clouds
 In Circles gather round the sickly Moon.

Hark!—What was that? The Raven's horrid Cry!

What means this Alteration in my Temper?

My Soul has hitherto a Stranger been

To female Cowardice, and Virgin Fears;

Yet now I startle at the smallest Noise.

The Winds that pant amongst the trembling Leaves,

To me are dismal as a fun'ral Bell.

I'll sit me down, and try if potent Reason

Can drive the Coward from my trembling Heart.

What do I fear?—Is not this Spot our own?

The

The Shade where I and my unkind *Eustathius*
 Have wander'd many—many a happy Hour?
 No injur'd Spirits haunt this peaceful Gloom;
 Nor murd'rous Hounds, that hunt for Blood and
 Slaughter.

Again!—There's something made a rustling Noise!
 'Twas only Fancy: All is silent now,
 And still as Midnight, and the lonely Grave.

Enter EUSTATHIUS.

Eust. Aside.] Softly.—'Tis so.—*Emilia's* here already!
 When comes her Paramour?—O cursed Thought.
 Now for a thousand Daggers, all at once,
 To print ten thousand Wounds upon their Bodies.
 But, soft, my Soul.—Whence comes this killing
 Anguish?

And why this coward Trembling at my Heart?
 Is it the Sight of that beloved Traitors;
 That beauteous Serpent of my aking Breast?
 'Tis that which makes my feeble Hand go back,
 And palls the Rigour of its just Revenge.

Emilia!—O! there dwells a secret Charm
 In ev'ry Letter of the Fair-one's Name.

That I could find some other, which would paint
 The fairest Person, and the basest Mind,

And

And speak at once the Traitors, and her Treason!
 O say! thou shining Minister of Wrath,
 Dares thy rude Point invade her tender Bosom,
 And stain with Crimson that unblemish'd Snow?
 And shall this Hand arrest her guilty Soul,
 And plunge it headlong to eternal Shade?
 O that I ne'er had seen this cursed Hour!
 That I could wake, and find it but a Vision,
 Or sleep and dream my future Life away!

Enter LYCANDER.

EUSTATHIUS.

Hah! — Here he comes; and Darkness shan't secure him.

Now, rise Revenge.—Ye tender Thoughts, farewell.
 Villain, thou dy'st—

EMILIA.

Eustathius!—Ah! what would thy desp'rate Hand?

EUSTATHIUS.

I'll tell thee— [*Stabs her.*

EMILIA!

Ah! wherefore am I slain?—O cruel Husband!
 [*Dies.*

LYCAN-

LYCANDER.

Monster! — black as Midnight, or the Depths of
Hell,

Receive a Death, too glorious for a Villain.

[*Strikes him.*—Eust. *falls.*

EUSTATHIUS.

Was that the Bird of Night which struck my Ear
With boding Shrieks; or was't my Brother's Voice?

LYCANDER.

Brother!—No, Traitor, I disown the Name;
And curst be the Day, the fatal Day,
That gave my Sister to thy baneful Arms.
Behold those Hands still reeking with her Blood;
My Sister's Blood! — And dar'st thou call me
Brother?

EUSTATHIUS.

O thou, *Lycander*! who wast once my Friend,
(Whatever mystic Fates have brought thee here)
Forgive a Wretch that never meant thee Wrong.
'Tis true, this furious Hand has done a Deed
Which racks my tortur'd Soul with bitter Anguish,

And makes this Heart bleed faster than my Wound.
But she was false : Abominably false.

'Twas not *Eustathius* did this horrid Deed ;
'Twas Love : 'Twas madding Jealousy, more felt
Than hunted Tygers on the *Libyan* Shore.

LYCANDER.

Take heed, *Eustathius* ! You're a dying Man :
You stand upon the Outside of this World ;
And the next Step you take is Hell, or Heaven.

EUSTATHIUS.

Let Heav'n dispose the Fortune of my Soul :
But she was false :—Yes, false with *Leonardo*.
He dropt a Letter, which my Servant found,
Wrote by my Wife :—'Twas wrote by my *Emilia*,
Where the lost Fair made him an Affignation ;
And this, O this, was the detested Place.
Here are some Fragments that my Fury spar'd ;
And this will serve to prove the horrid Truth.
Is't not *Emilia's* Hand ?

LYCANDER.

'Tis so : But strange, and full of Contradiction !
That she would fly to screen her guilty Love

In the same Place she was to meet her Brother.

Enter PLYNUS.

O! what a Tyrant is a guilty Conscience?
 'Tis Night; and yet I cannot think of Rest.
 These Shades are pleasant; yet to me they seem
 Black as the Grave; and ev'ry Tree a Ghost.
 Hah! What is here? — O miserable Sight!
Emilia murder'd! — and my Master too!
 Is this the End of my apostate Guile?
 Nay, then, I stand the first of branded Villains;
 And curs'd be he that drew me in the Snare!
 Ah! my dear Lord, behold a guilty Wretch:
 Look up, and seal my Pardon, ere you die.

EUSTATHIUS.

What art thou?—Why dost roll thy haggard Eyes?
 What Guilt is this that shakes thy trembling Frame?

PLYNUS.

O! you're deceiv'd; and fair *Emilia*'s wrong'd.
 The Letter's forg'd; and I was hir'd to bring it.

LYCANDER.

Hah, Slave!—'Tis well thou art not worth my
 Sword,

Else would I scar thee with ten thousand Wounds;
 But I'll reserve thee for the Rod of Justice;
 And thou shalt perish by the Hangman's Hand.

[Exit; dragging him off.]

Enter LYCANDER, DYCARBAS, PAULUS,
 TERENCEIA.

LYCANDER.

I've told our Story; and you see its End:
 My Horse is ready; I'll pursue the Traitor.
 Should the Winds lend him their officious Wings,
 My swifter Vengeance shall o'ertake his Heels,
 And plunge this Dagger in his guilty Breast.

[Exit Lycander.]

EUSTATHIUS.

My Father here!—Fly hence, thou good old Man:
 Turn off thy Eyes; nor wound them with a Sight
 Will freeze thy Heart, and turn thy Limbs to
 Marble.

Here lies the Darling of thy hoary Age;
 A wither'd Rose; and she was cropt by me.

O Torture! Torture! I'll not bear the Thought,
 Nor drag the Chain of Life a Moment longer.

Her Lips are cold, and have forgot to smile:

That

That pleasing Form is pale and breathless now;
But still 'tis fair as monumental Marble.

Where shall I find thee, O my injur'd Wife!
What happy Fields retain thy smiling Shade!
Emilia! Oh!

DYCARBAS.

Alas! he's gone.—Farewel, thou noble Youth!
May Angels bear thee to the Realms of Bliss!
Ill-fated Couple!—Yet, be still, my Heart:
'Tis Heav'n afflicts; and I should not complain:
But Nature, struggling Nature, will have way,
Or mighty Grief will crack the swelling Strings.
Emilia, O thou Flower of my Age!

Where is that Face, which not an Hour past
Blom'd like a Morning of the early Spring?
But now the Roses have forsook their Dwelling,
And thy pale Cheeks are cold as shiv'ring Winter:
Too early wither'd, O unhappy Girl!
Thou canst not hear me, tho' my Grievs are loud
As the rude Winds, that vex the raging Tide.

T E R E N T I A.

My frozen Heart is stung with killing Anguish:
I stand myself a Monument of Woe:
What can I say, my Lord, to comfort you?

DYCARBAS.

Forbear thy Consolations, gentle Maid :
 I am a Man, and therefore cannot see
 This horrid Sight without a Father's Pang :
 But when the Transport of my Grief is over ;
 Then Reason shall again resume her Throne,
 And the still Soul will listen to her Lore.

TERENTIA.

I only ask to have my Share of Woe ;
 I'll be a faithful Partner in your Grief ;
 Sigh when you sigh, and answer to your Tears.

DYCARBAS.

No ! Heav'n has sure reserv'd a milder Fate
 And happier Days for thee, thou lovely Mourner.
 Ye gracious Pow'rs, preserve this weeping Fair ;
 Keep her from Sorrow, and divide her Fate
 Far—far from that of her unhappy Friend.
 Can any tell me where *Lycander* went ?
 I fear some Ill from his ungovern'd Rage.

PAULUS.

He went, my Lord, in Chace of *Leonardo*.

DYCAR-

DYCARBAS.

Then Rage and bloody Vengeance will ensue.
 O! spare, ye Powers — spare these aged Eyes:
 Let them no more behold the Face of Death,
 Nor the black Image of detested Murder.
 The savage Race of unfrequented Wilds,
 Voracious Wolves, fierce Pards, and roaring Lions,
 In spite of Hunger's unrelenting Call,
 Break not the Ties of Nature with their Kind.
 O Shame to Man! whose far more cruel Eyes
 With vengeful Smiles can see another's Ruin.

TERENTIA.

Behold, your Son; and with him comes the Traitor.
 [Lycander with Leonardo, wounded.

LYCANDER.

See! here's a Sight would melt a Heart of Stone:
 Thou cursed Flower of eternal Villainy,
 Lie there, a pleasing Sacrifice to those
 Thy Project brought to this untimely End.

DYCARBAS.

What hast thou done to rob the Hand of Justice?
 Presumptuous Boy! His Life was not thy Due.

LEONARDO.

Thou feeble Dotard! — Think'st thou *Leonardo*
 Was born to suffer by the puny Laws?
 That I am conquer'd, let him thank his Stars:
 Had not the Fates oppos'd my best Endeavour,
 This better Arm had laid thy Son as low:
 But I have liv'd to taste of sweet Revenge,
 And glut my Eyes with their desired Ruin.

DYCARBAS.

Boast not of Mischief with your latest Breath:
 You stand on tiptoe on the slipp'ry Shore,
 With Death's immeasurable Gulph before you:
 Ah! weigh the Danger of your parting Soul,
 And send a few repentant Sighs to Heaven.

LEONARDO.

Repentance! — Preach it to your coward Slaves,
 Whose dastard Spirits tremble at their Fate.
 I only wish my fainting Lungs would hold,
 To breathe a Curse on yon aspiring Boy.
 Now for some horrid Earthquake, that would rock
 The strong Foundations of the solid Globe;
 That nodding Tow'rs might crush their Owners
 Heads,

And

And Kingdoms share the Fate of *Leonardo*!

[Dies.

DYCARBAS.

The furious Soul has left her Habitation :
Yet still his Visage wears the Mark of Rage,
Ah ! so it is when Anger and Revenge
Are grown habitual to a guilty Mind.
They shut out Penitence and pleasing Hope ;
And plunge the Wretch in horrible Despair.
How is't, *Lycander* ? You are pale, my Son.
Ah ! Dost thou bleed ! — Oh, for Assistance !

Quick !

LYCANDER.

All Help is vain ; and 'tis as I would have it.
That Villain's Sword has fav'd my own the Labour.
Think not, my Father, I would live to bear
The keen Reproaches of a conscious Soul,
Which ev'ry Hour would tell this gloomy Breast,
My Folly caus'd the Death of dear *Emilia*.
O ! stay your Tears ; I cannot bear the Sight :
'Tis far more painful than my aking Wound.
Terentia, now come near, thou lovely Maid ;
I only stay'd to view that pleasing Face :
And now I take a long Farewel indeed.

Hah !

Hah! — Dost thou weep? Restrain those falling
Showers,

And lavish not those precious Drops for me.
Remember this :—When next you meet *Polonius*,
Tell him I bless'd him with my dying Breath,
And left *Terentia* to his faithful Arms.

[*Dies.*

DYCARBAS.

Merciful Pow'rs, assist my feeble Age,
And let not Reason stagger from her Throne!
Can these wan Eye-balls keep their wonted Seats?
Will they not startle from their frightened Orbs?
My Spirit struggles in her aged Prison,
And threat'ning Tremors shake the feeble Walls,
If e'er succeeding Ages should produce
A miserable Father, like myself,
Whose Soul can relish nought but gloomy Tales;
Who wants some sad Comparison of Woe,
To charm the Pressure of his own Misfortunes,
Let them repeat the Story of *Dycarbas*.

PAULUS.

Have Patience, my dear Lord.

DYCARBAS.

Of that hereafter.—Patience seems at present

Too

Too cold a Virtue for my boiling Soul.
 Let some be sent to fetch *Polonius* back,
 If yet his Bark has not forsook the Shore :
 Let him return to his dear Father's Side,
 From whence these Branches are so lately torn.
 Farewel, ye smiling Comforts of my Age.
 O dreadful Sight ! These Soles are dipt in Blood ;
 My Childrens Blood.——O Heavens!——

[*Faints.*

PAULUS.

Ah ! see ! he faints ; the weary Spirit fails :
 Come let us bear him from this fatal Place.

[*Exeunt Paul. & Dycarb.*

T E R E N T I A.

Now where, ah ! whither, shall *Terentia* fly ?
Emilia !——O thou more than lovely Sister !
 Thou dear Companion of my infant Days !
 Are these the Wages of thy kind Indulgence ?
 The sad Requital of a Sister's Love ?
 Unhappy Youth !——Unfortunate *Lycander* !
 What cruel Star presided at our Births,
 And sent us here, as Omens of Destruction,
 To blast the World, and mark our Steps with Ruin ?
 That Villain's Plot had fail'd its tragic End,

Had

Had not *Lycander* met *Emilia* here.
 But, O! thy Face, *Terentia*, was the Cause;
 For which I'll stain it with continual Tears.
 Each throbbing Art'ry shall its Juices yield,
 Till the dry Carcase can afford no more;
 Till these chang'd Features shew no more *Terentia*,
 But look the meagre Skeletons of Woe.

So, constant dropping, stands a wounded Vine,
 Till the Leaves wither, and the Boughs recline:
 The Root grows shrivel'd in its native Mold:
 Its feeble Arms forsake their curling Hold:
 The fost'ring Sap from ev'ry Tendril flies,
 And thus, like me, the senseless Mourner dies.

ACT V.

SCENE the First.

PAULUS with a Sailor.

PAULUS.

FAIN would I disbelieve your horrid Tale,
 But that your Proofs are ocular and strong.
 Did none attempt his Rescue?—

Sailor.

All Help was vain ; but yet his desp'rate Servant
Leap'd in the Ocean to his Lord's Relief ;
And, as we think, serv'd to enlarge the Meal,
And glut the Maw of that voracious Monster.

PAULUS.

Now, who shall bear this Story to my Lord ?
Ah, wretched Man ! no more a Father now.
His eldest Hope, the Glory of his Youth,
His lovely Daughter with her noble Spouse,
Swept from the World by Treach'ry and Revenge.
All these To-morrow's Ev'ning Sun must see
Laid in the cold Receptacles of Death.
One Hope was left, the Darling of his Age,
Polonius ; but the unrelenting Fates
Have torn that only Blossom from his Side ;
Made the Provision of a hungry Shark ;
O Gods !—And buried in a living Tomb.
Now, who will be that Raven, which shall wound
A Father's Ear with this most horrid Tale ?
O ye un pitying Fates ! if yet you have
In your black Register some future Plagues,
Down with them all, that we may find an End.

[*Exeunt.*

Stene draws, and discovers Dycarbas as reading.

DYCARBAS.

Thro' these black Scenes of unexampled Woe,
 That hang so heavy on my drooping Soul,
 Methinks there's something dreadful yet to come :
 So let it be ; with Patience I would bear :
 When Heav'n afflicts, 'tis Folly to repine.
 Presumptuous Man ! at whom wouldst thou repine ?
 At that great Pow'r who made thee what thou art ?
 Who brought thee from a State of Non-Existence
 To chearful Day-light and the glorious Sun ?
 Whose Breath inspir'd this imperial Clay
 With conscious Knowledge, and a reas'ning Soul ;
 A glorious Soul, whose Birth-right is Eternity ?
 For soon this feeble Case, worn out with Age,
 Shall sleep and moulder in its dusty Cell.
 Then the freed Spirit shall exulting fly
 To glorious Regions, and immortal Fields.
 Perhaps th' All-wise Dispenser saw 'twas good,
 That sad *Dycarbas* should be thus afflicted.
 The Heart grows wanton with continual Joy,
 And gathers Rust beneath the Wings of Pleasure.
 Then Sorrow comes to rouse the lazy Sense ;

Turns

Turns up the close Receffes of the Breast,
And fets the trembling Soul before its Judge,
A naked, humble, and repenting Criminal.
Yet hear, O hear me, thou all-gracious Power!
In thy large Store-house of unnumber'd Joys,
If there is any Good reserv'd for me,
Bestow it on my yet surviving Child;
(O killing Thought!) my only Son *Polonius*.

PAULUS. DYCARBAS.

PAULUS.

Alas! my dearest Lord!

DYCARBAS.

Hah! What art thou, that with a hollow Tone
Art like the shrieking Messenger of Fate?
Why dost thou look so like a warning Shade,
Sent from the Regions of imperial Death,
To shake my Reason with thy Spectre's Visage.

PAULUS.

Ah! dreadful Tale, my Lord!—Your Son *Polonius*—

DYCARBAS.

Hah! What of him?—

Speak

Speak quickly ; do—unfold thy horrid Tale,
While yet my stagg'ring Sense has Pow'r to hear.

PAULUS.

Prepare your Temper for the sad Relation,
And summon all the Courage of your Soul.
We sent, my Lord, to call your much-lov'd Son
Back to the Side of his unhappy Father.
The Ship was launch'd, and had forsook the Bay,
Yet not so far but that a Boat might reach her.
Astonish'd at the News of our Misfortunes,
With too much Haste he left the Ship, and set
His heedless Foot upon the slipp'ry Plank,
Which with a Slide betray'd him to the Waves.
The screaming Sailors flew to his Relief:
But of a sudden the convulsive Ocean
Appear'd to labour with a monstrous Birth.
A fatal Shark, the largest of its Kind
Roll'd his unwieldy Carcase through the Deep,
And toss'd above the Waves his horrid Jaw.
The stoutest Bosoms then were froze with Fear:
But *Timnus*, faithful to his dying Lord,
Rush'd in the Waters to partake his Fate.

DYCARBAS.

O! say, ye Pow'rs, Why this uncommon Scourge?

This

This reeling Frame that stoops beneath the Weight
Of threescore Winters, and a wounded Soul,
Would soon have dropt into its destin'd Grave,
And needed not this last, this deadly Blow.

But now 'tis done :—My Art'ries throb no more,
And this still Heart has quite forgot to heave.
Mount ;— Mount, my Soul, where the Afflicted
rest ;

Where Sorrow smiles, and Orphans weep no more ;
Where wretched Fathers may forget their Woes,
And Hallelujahs fill the Place of Groans.

And you, my Children, if your fainted Shades
Can stoop a Moment from their happy Fields ;
This once descend, and on your filial Wings
Receive the Spirit of a dying Father. [*Dies.*

PAULUS.

Alas ! he faints :—Ah, no ! 'tis Death indeed.
Down his pale Temples rolls a mortal Dew :
His Eyes are clos'd, and he is gone for ever.

PAULUS. TERENTIA. CLAUDIA.

TERENTIA.

O horrid Triumph of luxurious Death !

This House is now a Scene of matchless Woe.
 Ah, my lov'd Guardian! Ah, my dearest Lord!
 Thus will I clasp in Death thy rev'rend Image:
 Thus will I on thy lifeless Bosom sigh,
 Till my Heart burst, and crack the stubborn Strings.

PAULUS.

Have Comfort, dearest Lady.

TERENTIA.

Blasted be the imaginary Name!
 When the stern Fates in their eternal Book
 In fable Characters set down *Terentia*,
 They underneath it writ a List of Woes,
 And banish'd Comfort from the deadly Scroll.

CLAUDIA.

Come, let us hasten from this gloomy Place:
 Time will sweep away the sad Remembrance,
 And there may still be happy Days for you.

TERENTIA.

Hence, *Claudia*, with thy ill-tim'd Consolations.
 Did I not lately view a horrid Sea
 Of kindred Blood, in one promiscuous Tide,
 And streaming dreadful on the crimson Floor?

Behold

Behold the Guardian of my youthful Years,
 My Foster-father, pale and breathless there;
 And then to strike all Nature dumb with Horror,
 Think on the Partner of my faithful Breast
 Deny'd the usual Honours of a Grave;
 His trembling Flesh torn from the living Bones,
 To glut the Hunger of a raging Monster.
 O Guardian Angels! Save me from the Thought,
 Lest my distracted Soul should turn a Fury.
 Go, search the Globe, and find where Sorrow reigns;
 Explore the Dwellings of unpity'd Woe;
 Turn up the Dens of Wretches, doubly curst,
 Who hide their Eyelids from the hateful Sun;
 There see; ah! see, if thou canst find a Wretch
 Will change a single Torment with *Terentia*.

CLAUDIA.

Ah! dearest Lady,—see your Servant's Tears:
 If *Claudia* e'er was pleasing in your Eyes,
 Thus on my Knees I beg you would not stay
 In this sad Place, to aggravate your Sorrows.

TERENTIA.

Then take me; lead me to some gloomy Cave,
 Never inhabited by human Creature.

Let it be seated in a thorny Wild,
 And ev'n a Stranger to the glimm'ring Moon :
 Let frowning Rocks compose the dismal Roof,
 And not a Star presume to twinkle there.
 So let us dwell with only one dim Taper,
 And think and talk of nothing but Despair.

[*Exeunt Ter. & Claud.*

PAULUS.

Ye Powers! If Innocence be still your Care,
 Restore the Peace of this afflicted Maid.
 What do I hear? — A Knocking at the Gate?
 Who is so wretched to come near this Place,
 And crave an Entrance at the Doors of Woe?

Re-enter PAULUS *with* TIMNUS.

O *Timnus*! Thou art like the chearing Sun,
 When Storms have lately shook the troubled Sky.
Polonius lives! — O, Heart-reviving Sound!
 But comes too late for his unhappy Father.
 Thou might'st, hadst thou been here an Hour past,
 Have sav'd a Life more precious than a Kingdom.

TIMNUS.

No Speed was wanting on my Side: But that

Officious

Officious Sailor found his Way before me :
Nor had we liv'd, but that the heav'nly Pow'rs
Still temper Mercy with their stern Decrees,
And sent between us and the raging Monster
The floating Carcase of a shipwreck'd Man :
His greedy Jaws devour'd the ready Prey,
And left pursuing our forbidden Lives.

PAULUS.

Now, who shall bid *Polonius* welcome here ?
For this ill-fated Mansion is become
The gloomy Seat of arbitrary Death ;
And the pale Tyrant keeps a Revel here,
With his grim Sisters, Horror and Despair.

CLAUDIA. PAULUS.

PAULUS.

Claudia, how fares your Lady now ?

CLAUDIA.

I went, transported with the joyful News ;
But found my Lady in a peaceful Slumber.
I drew the Curtain, with Intent to wake her ;
But Reason soon recall'd the rash Design.
I stay'd my Hand, and thought it might be ill.

PAULUS.

'Tis well thou didst : Perhaps the sudden Joy
 Had seiz'd her Spirits with too great a Violence,
 And prov'd an Evil, worse than all her Woes :
 But, let us haste to meet my Lord *Polonius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene draws, and discovers Terentia in Black—
 A Table, a Cup of Poison, and a Light.*

TERENTIA.

This well-dissembled Slumber has deceiv'd
 The prying Eyes of my officious Maid.
Claudia, farewell.—Ah ! when thy faithful Care
 Shall wait the Rising of thy wretched Mistress,
 Then thou wilt find her in a Sleep indeed.
 Thrice to my frighted Ears the warning Cock
 Has sent the Notice of approaching Day.
 The pale Light struggles with the sullen Clouds ;
 But I will ne'er behold its Beams again.
 Methinks the sympathizing Air grows sensible,
 And Nature trembles at my horrid Purpose :
 A heavy Mist hangs o'er the dreary Room,
 And this dim Taper burns a mournful Blue :
 This sable Garment suits the blacker Deed ;

It

It answers to my Soul; 'tis dark and dismal.
 But wherefore do I aggravate the Horrors?
 'Tis but a Draught, and all will then be still.
 Stern Death lies frowning in these silver Walls;
 This little Cup can hold the King of Terrors.
 Why does it tremble in my shaking Hand?
 Why o'er my Temples rolls a fainting Dew?
 But, sure, it is a weighty Thing, to die!
 I'll set it down, and think on't once again.
 How will *Terentia* look, when that cold Draught
 Has ta'en Possession of her frozen Bowels?
 Eyes wan and ghastly!—Cheeks, as Winter, pale!
 With the rank Poison fest'ring on my Lips!
 All living Creatures will abhor the Sight,
 And hurry this loath'd Carcase to a Grave.
 Then for my Soul; thro' what immortal Paths
 Must that pale Wand'rer take its dubious Way?
 But we are taught, that there are happy Fields,
 To give afflicted Innocence Repose.
 But then—I fear—Ah! yes, I feel I do,
 That this rash Deed will shut the Gates of Heav'n.
 'Tis not too late:—I breathe the vital Air:
 Yon deadly Potion yet remains untasted,
 And I may live:—But how,—without *Polonius*?
 That Thought, again, has rous'd my tim'rous Soul.

Thou desp'rate Cordial ! we will part no more ;
 I'll drink thee off, and quaff the baneful Lees.
 Hark—what was that!—O tardy Wretch, be quick;
 Some friendly Ghost is come to see thee die.

POLONIUS *within.*

What Wretch is this, who with *Terentia's* Voice
 Dares talk of dying, while *Polonius* lives?

TERENTIA.

Hah!—That was like the Voice of my *Polonius* :
 Then 'tis his wand'ring Spirit come to take
 A sad Farewel, and bid *Terentia* follow.
 This way it call'd :—O, save!—O, save me, Heav'n!

Enter POLONIUS.

Ah, desp'rate Girl ! What was thy rash Design ?
 What means this Cup within thy trembling Hand ?
 Hast thou been dealing with the Drugs of Death,
 To heap more Horrors on my loaded Heart,
 And make my Woes too great for human Nature ?
 Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me ?
 Why sits Amazement in thy rolling Eyes ?
 Speak out, my Fair, and give thy Passion Vent.

TEREN-

TERENTIA.

O! my *Polonius*! — But it cannot be;
 'Tis some Illusion, or the Dream of Death.
 Methinks I've newly past the dreadful Streams
 Of *Styx*, and now am landed on *Elysium*.
 Yet tell, O tell me, if thou art *Polonius*,
 What gracious Pow'r has giv'n thee back to Life?
 And sent thee, like the Genius of her Soul,
 To save *Terentia* from the yawning Grave?

POLONIUS.

That shall be told my Love at happier Hours:
 But now my tott'ring Sense is shook with Anguish;
 Nature rends up the Sluices of my Heart,
 And from their Fountain draws the living Streams.
 Late, my *Terentia*, I could boast a Father,
 A Brother, Sister, and a fair one too.
 But now they're gone, and thou art all that's left
 To keep a Wretch from terrible Despair.

TERENTIA.

O! that some Cherub would instruct my Tongue
 To charm thy Sorrows with celestial Music!
 For I have quite forgot the Use of Words,
 And know no Eloquence, but to complain.

POLO-

POLONIUS.

Forgive, thou fairest Partner of my Soul,
 Forgive *Polonius* these unmanly Tears :
 The stubborn Grievs will force me to complain,
 Ev'n in thy Presence, whose delightful Charms
 Smile like the Morning thro' her pearly Dews.

TERENTIA.

Nay, still weep on ; I'll answer Tear for Tear :
 Let frequent Sighs employ the lonely Hours,
 And Grief be all the Bus'ness of our Lives.

POLONIUS.

If Tears could make but Yester-morn return,
 And to these Arms restore my living Friends,
 I'd call the Juices from their secret Cells,
 And teach these Eyes to pour continual Streams.
 But Death regards nor Pray'rs, nor melting Woe ;
 Fate stands between, and frowns upon our Tears ;
 Then pointing shews the Grave,—our common
 Way.

Unseen we tread th' irremed'able Path,
 And stagger thither ere our Cheeks are dry.

So two kind Friends in some tofs'd Vessel ride,
 Where a black Tempest swells the raging Tide:
 Trembling they stand, and weep their native Shore,
 While the Sky thunders, and the Waters roar;
 Till unawares some envious Billow sweeps
 One lov'd Companion in the frothy Deeps.
 His wretched Fellow rends the Air with Cries,
 Calls on his Name, and rolls his ghastly Eyes
 Round the vex'd Ocean, and the dismal Skies: }
 His frantic Hands tear off his scatter'd Hairs;
 Now calls on Heav'n, yet of its Help despairs;
 Till the kind Waves his short-liv'd Sorrows end,
 And wash the Mourner to his sinking Friend.



Two kind friends in some cold land
 When a black tempest fell the raging tide
 Trembling they stand, and with their hands
 Whence the sky shrouded, and the waters roar
 Till no more some ravine below
 One loved companion in the stormy deep
 His wretched fellow reads the Air with Grief
 Calls on his Name, and rolls his ghastly Eyes
 Round the rock Ocean, and the dismal Skies
 His frantic Hands tear off his leaping hair
 Now calls on Heaven, and yells his ship despair
 Till the kind Waves his shroud have found
 And with the Mourner to his sinking bound





The following Scene, which seems to have been designed by the Author to be interwoven in the preceding Play (together with the brief History, as it may be presumed, of the Parties introduced in it) has some Strokes in it, that render it, altho' imperfect, deserving of a Place among her Works.

ACT I.

SCENE *the Field.*

LUCY and MERIAH, *meeting.*

MERIAH.

GOOD Morrow, *Lucy!*—How's thy Heart
To-day?

Methinks thy Eyes express a happier Soul,
And all thy Features smile.

LUCY.

Your Friendship, Madam, and the chearful Season,
Have help'd a little to divert my Spleen.

And

And tho' 'tis impossible for a Person in my Circumstances to be happy, yet my present State agrees with my Notions of the Popish Purgatory ; that is, neither blest nor wretched, but a kind of gentle Torment, or imperfect Pleasure.

M E R I A H.

It is not right to whet thy Grievs again,
Nor conjure up thy Wrongs, that long have slept :
Yet, *Lucy*, I could wish that thou hadst ended
The mournful Tale which you begun last Night.

L U C Y.

I've us'd so long to muse upon my Woes,
That I can tell 'em now without Emotion.
I've told you, that my Parents left me young,
An helpless Orphan, with a narrow Fortune :
A cruel Guardian shar'd the most of That.
I'd little left, except the Care of Heav'n,
And useless Pity from the tender Few :
My Age Sixteen, with Spirits soft and mild ;
A Stranger both to Artifice and Sin.
In this weak Age I saw myself involv'd
In the black Jaws of Poverty and Care.
My Face was fair : — Curs'd be the Name of
Beauty !

'Twas

'Twas that which drew *Lycander's* Eyes on me :
Lycander, whose proud Heart disdain'd to lose
Whate'er it ask'd for ;—whether the Desire
Was lawless Love, Ambition, or Revenge.
He first seduc'd me from my native Home,
With Vows of Friendship, and *Platonic* Love
My thoughtless Soul was easily deceiv'd,
And saw no Fraud upon his artful Brow :
But soon the Saint threw off his borrow'd Robe,
And stood confess'd, a Villain doubly dy'd.



'Twas then which drew Jeremiah's eyes on me:
 I saw his whole proud frame shuddering to see
 Whether it ailed for;—whether the Divine
 Was in his eye, Ambition, or Revenge.
 He first led me from my native home,
 With Vows of Friendship, and Platonic Love
 My thoughtless soul was easily deceived
 And saw no fraud upon his awful brow:
 But soon the Saint shew off his borrow'd robe,
 And freed himself a villain doubly dy'd.





Some ACTS of a

Second P L A Y,

WRITTEN

At the Request of a FRIEND,

In about a Fortnight.





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ACT I.

SCENE *the Royal Tent.*

EDWI. ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

WHY fits pale Sorrow on your faded Cheek?
Why on the Ground are fixt your mourn-
ful Eyes?

Look up, my Lord!—Tho' Fortune frown To-day,
To-morrow's Sun may see her dress'd in Smiles:—
Fear, Grief, and Cares, are but the Shades of Life,
That serve to brighten each opponent Joy:
And who aspires at a godlike Crown,
Must wade to Glory thro' the Gulph of Woe.

EDW I.

Ah! footh me not:—In vain, my gentle Mother,
In vain you try to heal this wounded Heart.
You 'noint the Surface; but the cheating Balm
Finds no Access to the corrupting Core.
Few Months are past, since *Edwi* you beheld
I'th' Robes of pompous Majesty array'd;
Plac'd on a Throne, and courteously teaz'd
With the mock Homage of my filken Slaves:
Now view me, now, abandon'd and betray'd,
A pageant Wretch, the Shadow of a King.
Behold yon Army, whose proud Banners wave
High in the Air, and dare me to the Field:
Those late approach'd me with a cringing Knee,
Obey'd my Nod, and trembled at my Frown;
But now their Spears are pointed at my Breast:
Their greedy Fauchions thirst for royal Blood,
And *Edwi's* Name is made the Sport of Tongues.

ELEONORA.

I'm told the Traitors have this Morning sent,
To see if you'd agree on certain Terms;
But sure the tow'ring Eagle should not stoop
To stand a Parley with the abject Crow.

EDW I.

EDWI.

O, *Eleonora*! Can these Eyes behold
 My Country ravag'd by a Civil War?
 See madding Sons against their Fathers rise,
 And raging Sires shed their Childrens Blood?
 Pale Nature starts and shivers at the Sight,
 And the sick Earth refuses to imbibe
 The kindred Gore that on her Surface flows.
 The Fields, untillag'd, yield their Fruits no more;
 But o'er his Plough the famish'd Hind expires.
 O horrid Scene!—My languid Spirits faint,
 And this sad Heart bleeds from its inmost Cell.
 Might *Edwi*'s Death my People's Peace restore,
 This willing Head should bend beneath their Rage,
 And meet with Pleasure the decisive Blow.

ELEONORA.

And are you conquer'd?—Will you tamely yield?
 But know, fond Prince, 'tis not thy Death alone:
 Not That their impious Fury will appease.
 Me they abhor: And let them hate me still;
 I neither ask their Mercy, nor their Love.
 But, O! my *Elgiva*, my tender Child!
 That fairest Blossom of my wither'd Age!

The gath'ring Tempest hovers round her Head,
 And Rage and Lust bring on the horrid Storm.
 Ah, *Edwi*, say, how wilt thou bear the Sight,
 When they shall drag her shrieking from thy
 Arms,
 While thou with fruitless Rage shalt spurn the
 Ground,
 And call on Death and *Elgiva* in vain?
 She shall be led in ignominious Chains,
 To serve the Pleasures of the Victor Foe.
 Think—Think on this—.

EDWI.

I do—O *Eleonora*!

O, thou hast stabb'd me to the inmost Soul:
 Shall that soft Dove, shall *Elgiva* be torn,
 From these fond Arms, that grasp their Hold in
 vain?
 Shall she be led through unrelenting Crouds
 (Whose brutal Souls Compassion never knew)
 To the proud Tent of an usurping Foe,
 There left to weep, and strike her throbbing Breast,
 To call on *Edwi*, but to call in vain?
 He, in some distant Dungeon strongly pent,
 Shall mourn for her, and with convulsive Pangs

Strain

Strain the black Sinews of his shackled Arms,
And wash the Ground with unavailing Tears.
Shall it be thus?—Ah, no! Methinks I feel
The Lion rouse within my glowing Breast:
Ere this shall be, let *Edwi* press the Field,
All grim in Dust, and purpled o'er with Wounds.
The Sun grows high—I'll to each loyal Tent,
And rouse my Troops to the decisive Blow:
This Sword shall know its lazy Sheath no more;
No more shall rest, till I or Treason fall.

[*Exit Edwi.*

ELEONORA.

Thus have I wrought his Temper to my Will:
Thanks to my Genius, and successful Arts:
His quiet Spirit ne'er was made for War;
But mighty Love can warm his frozen Blood,
And wake the Lamb to more than Tyger Rage.
He doats on *Elgiva*:—On that depends,
On that nice Point, her Safety, and my own.
My Father ne'er obey'd those froward Priests;
For which they vow'd Revenge to him and his,
Through the long Record of succeeding Time.
Then what have I to hope from Peace?—'Tis War!
War, crown'd with Victory, must be my Aim,

And the hard Task to warm this gentle Prince,
To shake off Pity from his shrinking Soul,
And push him on to Laurels, or Oblivion.

[Exit.]

SCENE *the Enemy's Camp.*

ODOFF and DUSTERANDUS.

ODOFF.

OUR Messengers are just return'd, and bring
A haughty Message from the headstrong
Prince :

That blinded Boy returns our proffer'd Peace
With scornful Air, and insolent Reply :
But ere the Sun shall drive his weary Wheels
Down the bright Slope of yon descending Sky ;
Or I'm mistaken, or the lofty Youth
His Morning Arrogance shall dearly buy.

DUSTERANDUS.

The Fortune of the Day be ours.—Then,
O then, my *Odo*,—say ; beats not thy Heart
At Thought of something dearer than Ambition ?
Or I am poorly read in Love's soft Page ;

Or

Or else those Eyes betray the lambent Fire,
When they are cast on *Elgiva* the Fair.

O D O F F.

Yes, *Dusterandus*, yes, I will confess,
That those bright Eyes have gain'd upon my Heart;
So far have gain'd, that to obtain the Prize,
I'd wade thro' Seas of reeking Blood, and make
Such horrid Devastation, that the Sun
Should start to look on:—Yet this roving Soul
Not long shall wear her Chain:—I would but taste
Her Charms;—Then cast her off for something
new.

D U S T E R A N D U S.

That's well, my Friend, and like a Soldier spoke!
Just so the beauteous *Emmel* I adore;
Emmel, whose Cheeks are like the opening Rose,
Ere the bright Sun has warm'd its dewy Leaves.
Give me to share the Morning of her Charms,
When those are flown, like other rusty Spoils
I'd cast her by, and throw her to my Slaves.

O D O F F.

The rev'rend Fathers have begun this War:

Thanks

Thanks to their Zeal that furnish'd us with Means,
 Under the Shew of public Good, to serve
 Love and Ambition.—That's a Soldier's Pay;
 And the grave Dotards shall be taught, that we
 Are not put off with scanty Recompence:
 Wealth, and Dominion, *Elgiva*, and *Emmel*,
 They are the Sounds that charm my glowing
 Breast;
 Nor let them fanfy these aspiring Swords,
 That dare to hurl young *Edwi* from his Throne;
 Shall creep into their Scabbards, at the Frown
 Of sable-vested Priests, and bald-pate Friars.

D U S T E R A N D U S.

That's right, my Friend! O! let me clasp thee here,
 Thus, to my Breast, and join our faithful Hands;
 And vow to serve no Deities, but Love;
 Love and Ambition, Int'rest and Revenge.
 A Warrior's Soul should like his Limbs be fram'd,
 Robust and hard, nor quickly made to feel;
 Of Brass his Forehead, and his Heart of Steel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *the Royal Tent.*

EDWI and ELGIVA.

EDWI.

LOOK up, my Love, and stay those lucid
Streams :

Look up, and cheer thy Husband with a Smile :
Not all the Horrors we must soon behold,
Of bleeding Armies, and expiring Troops,
Can wound my Soul like those fair streaming Eyes.
Yet *Edwi* lives ! Then wherefore dost thou mourn ?
O ! stay thy Tears, till some more potent Cause
(Perhaps) shall force them from thy melting Eye.

ELGIVA.

What greater Cause !—Already I behold,
Already view thee prostrate on the Dust
Breathless and pale, and scarr'd with purple
Wounds.
Distraction !—Where, then, whither shall I flee ?
In what black Dungeon hide this cursed Head ?
This Head, the Cause of royal *Edwi's* Woe !
My Fathers, and the froward Clergy liv'd
At Enmity ; and still their Hate descends

On

On guiltless Me, who never wish'd them Wrong.
 But say, ye Powers, whose Foreknowledge sees
 Our Torments in the Embryo of Fate,
 Why did you not in Mercy sweep me off,
 And let me perish, while a thoughtless Babe?
 Then had these Lips been Strangers to Complaint,
 But calmly clos'd, and gave a parting Smile.

EDWI.

Be calm, thou dearest Partner of my Soul,
 And let us not expostulate with Heav'n;
 That Heav'n which still can bless thy happier Days,
 And make them chearful as a Morning Sun:
 Thy *Edwi* yet may 'scape the furious Bands;
 May live to see this troubled Land in Peace,
 And at thy Feet the smiling Olive lay.

ELGIVA.

O! trust not to the Chance of doubtful War;
 But make thy Peace with yon aspiring Priests,
 Ere their proud Banners dare thee to the Field:
 Think not of me:—Tho' banish'd from thy Arms,
 In some lone Island, where no human Foot
 E'er press'd the Shore, or mark'd the hollow Sand,
 Without repining I could spend my Days,

So these glad Ears might hear the joyful Tale,
How undisturb'd my *Edwi* wore the Crown,
And wiser *Albion* bless'd his gentle Reign.

EDWI.

O, *Elgiva*! art thou so little known
In *Edwi*'s Soul, to think that he would buy
Crowns and Dominions, with the Loss of thee?
(Unjust Suspicion!) — No, those lovely Eyes
Shall see this Arm sustain the horrid Shock
Of black Rebellion, and ward off the Blow
From thy lov'd Head, or perish in the Cause.
Not all the Torments *Nero*'s Rage could find,
(Improv'd by some inventive Tyrant's Brain)
Should tear thy Image from this loyal Heart,
Or make it waver in its Trust to thee.
Come then; O come! and on this faithful Breast
Pour out thy Sorrows, and divide thy Cares.

Enter OSWIN and EMMEL.

OSWIN.

Haste, royal *Edwi*! for thy honest Troops
Are plac'd in Form on the decisive Ground:
The vaunting Foes are pouring from their Tents,
And thick as Locusts darken all the Field:

Our

Our daring Soldiers only wait for thee,
To lead them on, to Glory, or the Grave.

EDWI.

I come, my *Oswin*! — (Thou for ever dear!)
I fly this Instant to the loyal few,
Who dare be honest, and defend their King.
But, O ye Gods! Must each successful Dart,
Each guilty Lance, be stain'd with *British* Blood,
Whose gasping Sons shall press the purpled Ground!
That Thought strikes Horror to my bleeding Soul.
No more on't for the present.—Now, farewell!
Farewel, my Queen. Ah! stop that gushing Tide;
Nor fright thy Spirit with imagin'd Ills:
Those Pow'rs that wait on Innocence, like thine,
Will for Thy sake preserve thy *Edwi's* Life,
And give him back to thy expecting Arms.

ELGIVA.

O! for the Constancy of *Cato's* Daughter!
Now, *Elgiva*, sustain the deadly Shock.
Ah! Wretch, thou'rt lost: — Lost on the stormy
Sea;

And who will bring thee to the friendly Shore?

[*Faints.*]

EDWI.

EDWI.

O, Heavens! — But she wakes: — My Queen!

My Love!

O gentle *Emmel*! take her to thy Care:

Prest to thy Bosom, lull her into Peace,

And try to sooth the Anguish of her Soul.

Ye Guardian Angels, round her Curtains wait;

Wrapt in celestial Visions let her rest,

Lost to her Griefs; and slumber out the Day,

[*Exeunt Edwi, Emmel, and Elgiva.*

Manet OSWIN.

Is *Emmel* gone; and not One Farewel Sigh?

But Sorrow reigns without Distinction here:

Each faithful Breast is full with *Edwi*'s Wrongs,

And mean Self-Interest can find no Room.

But she returns, fair as the Morning Ray.

[*Enter Emmel.*

O thou, too dear! say, shall thy *Oswin* go

To Death's grim Mart, unblest'd, without a Smile?

EMMEL.

Talk'st thou of Smiles, where gloomy Terrors

reign

O'er

O'er the dull Roofs, and threaten us with Ruin?
 On yonder Couch behold the Royal Fair
 Trembling and pale, with Lips as Winter cold;
 And languid Eyes that pour incessant Show'rs:
 Her Spirit seems full of presaging Horrors.
 Just now she strove to close her weary Lids;
 Then, starting, cry'd, O! *Oswin*, save my King!
 And, groaning, fell, and grovel'd on her Pillow.

O S W I N.

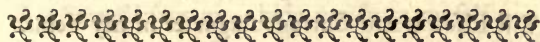
Ah! wretched Pair, whose Lives are, in their Dawn,
 O'ercast with Clouds of Misery and Tears!
 But I must fly to head the martial Bands
 Who still are faithful to my *Edwi's* Cause.
 Adieu, thou Fair one; thou whose firmer Soul
 Bears calmly up amidst the growing Storm;
 In whose bright Frame united we behold
 Thy Mother's Prudence, and thy Sister's Charms:
 But if this Day 'tis *Oswin's* Lot to fall;
 If he must view those dazling Eyes no more;
 Grant me One Sigh (I ask but One) to please
 My shiv'ring Ghost, and cheer the Paths of Death.

[*Exit* *Oswin*.

EMMEL.

E M M E L.

Adieu!—One Sigh!—No, One will not suffice:
 I have not gain'd such Conquest o'er myself.
 Spite of the Calm that dwells upon my Brow,
 Within this Breast the smother'd Tempest rolls:
 Philosophy but wanders round the Verge:
 This silly Heart still wears the Stamp of Woman.
 And when to Heaven I direct my Vows,
 For my sad Sister, and her Royal Spouse,
 For *Edwi's* Safety, and this Land, I pray;
 Yet then my Lips this glowing Heart betray;
 And while I press each Guardian of the Sky,
 O, save my *Oswin!* (unawares) I cry.



A C T II.

S C E N E *the Tent.*

E M M E L and E L G I V A.

E M M E L.

MY Royal Sister, stay they Tears a while,
 And stop the Torrent of this fruitless Woe.
 You catch the Rod of Heaven, ere it falls,

R

And

And heap dark Mountains of prophetic Ills :
 But let us not forestal the Hand of Fate :
 Let chearful Hope delude the present Hour,
 Our Lives will yet be long enough for Woe.

ELGIVA.

O gentle *Emmel*! Thou, whose quiet Breast
 No Passion tears, but Reason keeps her Throne;
 Nor dreads Rebellion from her subject Pow'rs :
 Thy prudent Thoughts enjoy perpetual Calm,
 Still as the Ev'ning of a Summer's Day.
 Not so this Bosom!—That unguarded Fort
 Is hourly ravag'd by contending Foes;
 Cold Fears, and wasting Sorrows, melt me down,
 Till Life's warm Current stagnates in my Veins.

EMMEL.

These gloomy Evils gather Strength, while you
 Indulge the native Softness of your Soul :
 A Woman's Heart, so aptly fram'd for Woe,
 Has much more Need of Fortitude, than Man's.
 We want the Art to gild a Passion o'er
 With fraudulent Smiles, or hide it with another:
 Our ready Organs all betray their Trust ;

Our Eyes, our Tongues, confess the ruling Storm,
Or whether it be Sorrow, Rage, or Love.

ELGIVA.

In vain, my Sister, yes, in vain, you try
To sooth the Griefs of this distracted Breast:
Not Reason there, but *Edwi's* Image rules.
I see him now in Dust and Blood involv'd,
Oppress'd with Numbers, and with smarting
Wounds:

See the Rose tremble in his fading Cheek,
While down his Temples rolls a fainting Dew:
Then yelling Crouds shall rush like Tygers on,
And tread him down—My *Edwi*!—O! my Heart!
Ah *Emmel*! save me; hide me from myself;
From my own Thoughts, and from the Light,
for ever.

E M M E L.

A Moment's Patience!—Yet your *Edwi* lives,
And yet may live for long succeeding Years.
When the dark Minute shall come on to close
His Life, and lay him with his Parents low,
'Twill then be soon enough (believe me 'twill)
To sigh, and wash your widow'd Veil with Tears:

But now to Rest devote the present Hour,
And try to lose the Terrors of this Day.

ELGIVA.

O gracious Heav'n! if e'er thou heard'st the Cry
Of a wrong'd Orphan, or a widow'd Wife;
Hear me;—me Wretched, as the last of those!
And spare my King, or sweep us off together.
I ask—(Ye Saints, be Witnesses to my Pray'r)
For him to live, or with him greatly die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

ELEONORA.

Ambition!—O what Cares have I gone through,
To serve thy End!—And more are yet to come.

Not long it is since with my Daughter's Charms
I won the Friendship of this luckless Prince:
But this Alliance answers not its End:

His Throne already from its Bottom shakes,
And with the pond'rous Ruin we must fall,
If some Expedient be not quickly found.

The Traitor Barons are of Beauty fond;

Hah!

Hah! there's a Hint:—My Girls are young and
fair,

And, as I'm told, are by the Gen'ral's lov'd.

It shall be so:—But why comes not *Leander*?

I sent him out, to spy the Field of Death,

And see which Way Success would move her Wing.

He comes.—Ill Tidings by that mournful Brow.

LEANDER.

Ah, noble Lady! Pleas'd with your Commands,

I took th' Advantage of a neighb'ring Hill,

Whose Top commanded the destructive Field:

There my sad Eyes beheld the hated Sight

Of kindred Arms against each other rais'd,

And bleeding *Britons* prostrate on the Dust:

Strong was the Contest, horrible the Fray,

And shifting Conquest often mov'd her Wing:

At length the Royal Troops began to faint,

And the flush'd Rebels visibly prevail'd.

Three times young *Edwi* from his Steed was

hurl'd,

And thrice he rallied on the vaunting Foe:

I saw no more; but turn'd my Eyes away,

And hasted hither with the mournful Tale.

ELEONORA.

Enough—*Leander*, leave me to myself.

[*Exit Leand.*

Now, *Eleonora*, What is to be done?

Haste, some inventive Genius, to my Aid!

I'll write to *Odoiff* in submissive Terms,

And vow this Night to quit young *Edwi*'s Camp,

And give my lovely Daughters to their Arms.

'Twill do;—and *Eleonora* still shall live

In Splendor,—safe beneath the Victor's Smile.

But now my Daughters, with their puny Virtues,

In them the hardest of my Task remains.

I'll trust 'em not, but serpentizing Fraud

Shall from our Guards the Simple ones allure:

Then they are safe; and let 'em rage in vain.

'Tis not their Anger I have Cause to fear:

And should they curse me, 'twill be lost in Air.

It is resolv'd; and now for the Event.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Field.*

ODOFF. DUSTERANDUS.

ODOFF.

THUS far we've conquer'd; made the stubborn Foe

Recoil, and leave us Masters of the Field.

Who would have thought the Royal Stripling bore
Such wond'rous Mettle in his slender Frame?

The Victory is not so cheaply won

As I could wish; —But let it rest a while:

I trust the fainting Troops, that yet remain,

Shall not behold To-morrow's Ev'ning Sun.

DUSTERANDUS.

Our rev'rend Prelates take a speedy Way

To win their Converts; not with slow-pac'd Reason,

But the shrill Trumpet, and the shining Spear.

Then who would to a sleepy Audience preach,

When such keen Rhetoric as this, brings o'er

Five thousand Profelytes in one short Day?

ODOFF.

I like their Method, as it serves our End.

We Soldiers cannot live by canting Morals:
 'Tis Pay and Plunder is the Text for us.
 So let 'em squabble with succeeding Kings:
 Be theirs the Pride, the Profit shall be ours.

DUSTERANDUS.

Well said, my Friend;—and let religious Fools
 Stand humming o'er a Cause:—We know 'tis good,
 Provided it can shew the Stamp of Gold;
 Gold that can heal a formidable Breach,
 Or break a Flaw in the most sacred Bond.

Enter a Soldier.

Soldier.

My Lord—A Letter from King *Edwi's* Camp.

ODOFF.

Hah! A Letter! Would the Varlet treat?
 It comes too late.—Let's see't.

[*Reads.*

My Lord—Knowledge of your Virtue—
 Valour—Pity—Love to *Elgiva*—
 Midnight—*Edwi's* Camp—Clemency—
 Royal Guards—Distress'd—*Eleonora*.

ODOFF.

O D O F F.

'Tis well!—Retire. [*Exit Sold.*

Come here, my *Dusterandus*: Here, my Boy.

Who would not be a Soldier!—See, proud Fortune,
That flies indignant from her Slaves of Merit,
Creeps like a Spaniel fawning to our Knees.

Behold these Lines! They're sign'd by *Eleonora*;
Who vows to bring her lovely Daughters forth,
Through the King's Guards, and meet us in the
Field,

And give those Beauties to our happy Arms!

DUSTERANDUS.

Surprising this!—'Twere best to go attended;
Nor trust too firmly on the fraudulent Lines.
Is Nature banish'd from her impious Heart,
That she can sell her Children to the Foe,
As the rich Price of that unworthy Head?

O D O F F.

She dares not now dissemble; for her Life,
She knows, will quickly be at my Disposal.
'Tis Fear has made her fly for Shelter here:

And

And what's her Crime to us?—The Joy be ours :
 The Punishment be hers.—The Bawd shall perish
 As soon as we've secur'd each blooming Fair ;
 We have no room for greasy Matrons here.

D U S T E R A N D U S .

'Tis right, my Oracle !—O blest this Night !
 This Night the haughty *Emmel* shall be mine !
 Not *Cæsar* I could envy, blest with her,
 As thou with *Elgiva's* more gentle Charms !
 O how 'twou'd please my Pride to clasp her here
 To this glad Breast !—While Horror, Rage, and
 Grief,

Shall reign alternate in her glowing Eyes !
 Whilst raving, weeping, struggling, in my Arms,
 I gaze with Rapture on her vary'd Charms.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE *the Tent.*

ELEONORA and an Officer.

ELEONORA.

YOU say King *Edwi* sleeps i'th' Field To-night.

OFFICER.

He does, encircled by his faithful Troops,
Who vow to lavish their remaining Blood
For his lov'd Person, and his rightful Crown.

ELEONORA.

Take back our best of Wishes to the King:

I'll bear your Message to the Royal Ear.

This Errand suits my purpose to an Hair:

[*Exit Officer.*

And the King's Absence.—But behold his Spouse.

[*Enter Elgiva.*

Look up, my Child; thy much-lov'd *Edwi* lives,
And sends fair Greeting to his gentle Bride.

ELGIVA.

Does *Edwi* live? O let me hear once more

That Sound! More soft than Music to my Soul!

But

But why returns he not to bless these Eyes ?
These Eyes, whose only Business is to weep,
And find no Respite till they're bent on him.

ELEONORA.

To-night he sleeps amidst his circling Troops,
On the cold Ground ; nor to the Tent returns.

ELGIVA.

Unhappy King ! In a dark Moment born !
What sullen Star presided at our Births,
And stamp'd us wretched with the Mark of Fate ?
Shall those soft Limbs, unus'd to rugged War,
Press the cold Earth, and clasp the ruthless Stones ?
Is this the Badge of Royalty and Pow'r ?
The sad Distinction of a sceptred Wretch ?
In some lone Village better had we liv'd,
The happy Children of two neighb'ring Swains :
There our still Lives had smoothly pass'd away,
Alike unknown to Flattery or Woe ;
Our mournful Story had not then been told,
Nor pitying Eye shou'd melt at *Edwi's* Name ;
But we, not singled from the common Herd,
Liv'd calmly blest, and happily obscure.

ELEONORA.

It grieves me, *Elgiva*, to hear thee mourn ;
And more, that *Edwi* comes not to his Tent.
To-morrow will renew the Face of War :
If then —

ELGIVA.

Why will you rack me with a horrid If ?
I know these Eyes shall ne'er behold him more.
I see, already see, my *Edwi* slain !
Nor shall we meet to sigh a kind Farewel.

ELEONORA.

Weep not, my Child ; thou shalt behold the
King :
Myself will lead thee to the martial Field :
One of our Guards shall lead us to the Place,
Where *Edwi* rests amidst his loyal Friends :
We'll take no more than one——No pompous
Train ;
Lest haply we alarm the distant Foe.

ELGIVA.

And will you tempt the Dangers of the Night,
To

To please your Child, and sooth her frantic
Grief?

ELEONORA.

With thee o'er Waves and horrid Rocks I'd go,
To stop those Tears, and set thy Heart at Ease.
Come then to Rest, till Midnight's fable Wing
Has wrapt the World in Silence and Repose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *the Field.*

EDWI. OSWIN.

EDWI.

METHINKS the Sun, with more than
usual Haste,

Has drove his Chariot down yon Æther Steep,
As tho' his blazing Eye abhorr'd to view
This Field of Blood—Offended at the Rage,
And impious Folly, of unthinking Man;
Of Man, to whom a reas'ning Soul was giv'n;
Fram'd for Benevolence and friendly Pity,
And all the Virtues of celestial Mould.

Yet this blest Creature, whom the Pow'rs assign'd

Not

Not more to rule than harmonize the rest,
Throws down his grand Commiffion—fond to join
The savage Herd, and feast on purple Gore.

O S W I N.

Ah Prince ! thy gentle Spirit ne'er was form'd
For wastful Rapine, and for clam'rous War :
Thy shrinking Arm would let the Poniard fall,
Ere it could reach the Breast of trembling Age :
Thy Heart would soften at an Infant's Smile,
And weeping Orphans find Compassion there :
Such Souls as thine were form'd for happier
Worlds,

Where Virtue finds her long-expected Pay ;
Where Peace reigns happy in eternal Smiles ;
Nor Guilt, nor Sorrow, taints the blifsful Shore.

E D W I.

To those blest Regions let me quickly fly ;
For these sick Eyes abhor the Face of Light,
And dread the Beams of next returning Sun :
That Sun, whose dawning Lustre shall display
The horrid Scene, which now all-friendly Night,
Beneath her shaded Mantle, kindly veils.

Can

Can I, O *Oswin* ! can I bear the Sight
Of Thousands, who but Yester-morn were gay ;
All fresh and chearful as the blooming Spring ;
Now prostrate lain, and welt'ring in the Dust ?
Some fix'd by Death—The vital Flame extinct ;
And some yet struggling with convulsive Pangs ?
There bleeding Merit undistinguish'd lies,
And mighty Barons mingled with their Slaves.
Is this (ye Pow'rs) the Price of *Albion's* Crown ?
Must the Foundation of my shaking Throne
Be fix'd on Horrors cemented with Blood,
Like the grim Palace of some fabled King,
Whose savage Maw was fed with human Food ?

O S W I N.

In vain your tender sympathizing Heart
Bleeds with Compassion for a thankless Crew :
But now, my Prince, lay by these useless Morals,
Nor longer thus refine upon your Woe :
Let Prudence only claim the present Hour,
And that invites you to a short Repose.

E D W I.

And shall I sleep on this important Night ?
This dreadful Night, when the portentous Sky

Seems

Seems big with Terrors, and each threat'ning
Cloud

From its hot Entrails breathes sulphureous Flames;
The hoarse-tongu'd Raven, and shrill-screaming
Owls,

Rend the Black Forest with discordant Cries:

The wakeful Herds from distant Pastures lowe;
And Nature seems to rest no more than me.

O S W I N.

You cast Imagination on the Rack;
You form dark Visions, and torment your Breast
With fancy'd Evils, and prophetic Fears:
But thou (whose Virtues claim the Care of Heaven)
Rid thy press'd Soul of this ill-boding Gloom,
Our Cause demands Protection from the Sky;
And these glad Eyes shall see the happier Day,
When *Edwi*, seated on his steadfast Throne,
Shall guide the Reins of unmolested Power;
While the pleas'd Nations round his Palace throng,
To court his Friendship, and partake his Smiles.

E D W I.

O thou, more precious to my Soul than Crowns!
Cheat not my Fancy with these pictur'd Joys:

My Soul already loaths a Monarch's Name.
Curse on the pageant Title that involves,
This glowing Breast in never-ceasing Care ;
That steals their Slumbers from my weary Eyes,
And bids me stand as a distinguish'd Wretch,
Superior only in my Weight of Woe !

Then hear and pity :—Hear thy Servant's Pray'r,
Thou mighty Being, whom alone I fear ;
Whose Laws I honour, and whose Name adore ;
O ! save my People, and their Peace restore :
But if their Peace this forfeit Head must buy,
Be *England* bless'd, and let its Monarch die :
To Death's pale Gloom a willing Shade I'll go,
Smile at each Pang, and bless the fatal Blow.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT



A C T III.

SCENE *the Field.*

ELEONORA, ELGIVA, and EMMEL.

ELGIVA.

IS this the Path that to my *Edwi* leads?
 Methinks 'tis pav'd with Horrors: — O! my
 Heart !

It faints and flutters with unusual Fears:
 Why did we venture from the guarded Tents,
 Thus unattended, through the dreadful Gloom?
 Hah! See, my Sister! Did you see that Star?
 Along the Sky it drew a crimson Train;
 Then stopp'd, and shone with more than usual
 Brightness,
 Sparkled awhile, and vanish'd in a Blaze.

ELEONORA.

Come on, thou slow-pac'd Coward! — mind thy
 Path;
 Nor search for Omens in the starry Sky. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEANDER, and an Officer.

Officer.

Thus far we've follow'd them :—What can it mean
That unattended they should wander forth,
And point their Way directly to the Foe?

LEANDER.

Whate'er the Motive that induc'd them out ;
The Path they take will have a dang'rous End.
I'll follow still, and intercept their Way,
Altho' my Life should pay for the Intrusion ;
But thou stay here—— *[Exit Leand.*

Officer.

The Night is dismal :—What a Flash was there !
The Welkin seem'd as one expanded Flame :
How the Sky frowns !—The lab'ring Clouds hang
low,
And look as tho' they had imbib'd the Waves
Of fable *Styx*,—and drench'd in ruddy Fires.
Hah ! what was that ?—the Sound of Womens
Cries ?
Heav'n guard the Queen.

Re-

Re-enter LEANDER.

My Queen!—My Royal Mistress!—Now, ye Powers,

Where are you now, you Guardians of the Just?
Was there no Delegate to shield her Charms
From the rude Gripe of an insulting Slave?
These Eyes beheld her, and the beauteous *Emmel*
Born off by Ruffians to the Traytor's Camp.

I heard their Screams; but *Eleonor* was still.
Hah! that has wak'd a Thought.—That cursed
Woman,

Mad with Ambition, and the Thirst of Gain,
Has drawn those Turtles in her fraudulent Snare;
Betray'd and sold them to the Victor Foe.
'Tis so. But let us hasten to the King.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE ODOFF's Tent.

ELGIVA.

WHERE art thou now—O miserable Wretch!
Say, canst thou hope to meet thy *Edwi* here?
Am I a Queen? — 'Then where's the pompous
Train

That us'd to follow cringing at my Heels?
 Now sunk beneath the meanest of my Slaves,
 A captive Wretch, and in a Traitor's Power;
 Yon hostile Guards, with a familiar Stare,
 Gaze at my Tears, and hiss me as I pass.
 O! say, ye Powers, What is yet to come?
 What Weight of Misery still lags behind?
 Just then a Thought, more terrible than Death,
 Struck like an Arrow thro' my bleeding Soul.
 O! save me, Heaven! Save this helpless Frame,
 From Violence;—or thou, kind Earth, give Way,
 And to thy Centre let me sink alive.

Enter ODOFF.

Hail, lovely Queen, whom Nature form'd to rule,
 And lead in Chains the unresisting World!
 What ruthless Savage could unmov'd behold
 Cheeks bright as Morning shaded o'er with Grief;
 Afflicted Charms, and Majesty in Tears?

ELGIVA.

Curse on that Sound! —Ah! bear me hence, ye
 Winds,
 To the rude Bosom of some trackless Wild,
 Whose unfrequented Shades were ne'er reform'd
 From

From their first Rudeness;—nor the mossy Ground
E'er knew the Pressure of a gilded Car;
Where pageant Slaves (like me) may hide their
Heads,
And hear the Sound of Majesty no more.

ODOFF.

Why will you thus torment your gentle Soul
With needless Sorrows, and afflicting Rage?
Think not I claim you as a Victor's Due.
Behold me here the Conquest of your Eyes:
This stubborn Heart, that never bent till now,
Is here subdu'd, and more than twice your Slave.

ELGIVA.

Hence with thy ill-tim'd Flattery; nor dare
To wound my Senses with a nauseous Tale.
Curs'd be the Hour, when our heedless Steps
(Seduc'd by some false Genius) took the Path,
The fatal Path, that led to hostile Ground.
To *Elgiva* no Guardian Saint was near:
None;—none to save her from a Ruffian's Hand.

ODOFF.

Yet call me not by that opprobrious Name;

Behold the Genius that has led you here.

[*Gives a Letter.*

Your Mother fought her Safety in our Camp,
And prudently resign'd you to our Care.

ELGIVA.

What do I see!—Now, Nature, boast no more
Thy sacred Ties;—but let all Union cease:
Henceforth shall Mothers, with a Tyger's Rage,
From their warm Bosoms hurl the clinging Babe;
Relentless Sons shall spurn their aged Sires;
And Love and Pity shall be heard no more.
Is there no Corner in this Place, to hide
A Wretch that now abhors the chearful Sun:
I'll find it out, or, grov'ling like my Fate,
Grow to the Earth, and dig myself a Grave.

[*Exit Elgiva.*

O D O F F.

Ye Gods, she's lovely;—and, like dewy Flowers,
Appears more beauteous thro' her shining Tears;
Her Rage but fans the Fuel of my Love.
I like not those tame Beauties that resign
Their Charms like Autumn Apples to your Touch,
And with their Bounty cloy you at a Meal:

The

The yielding Fair-ones pall upon our Hands ;
'Tis Contradiction brightens up the Fire :
Smiles often seen, no more our Hearts alarm ;
But a new Mistress with a Frown can charm.

[Exit.

Enter ELEONORA.

Ambition lately was my only Aim,
The secret Spring whence ev'ry Action mov'd ;
But now I find a stronger Passion glow
In my scorch'd Breast, that hurries me to Madness.
Love at my Years !—and yet it must be so ;
In vain I try to stem the swelling Tide ;
In vain does Reason form her shallow Mound,
When the strong Torrent rushes on my Soul.
Let the dull Stoic boast a stupid Calm,
Like the still Waters of a muddy Pool :
My warmer Thoughts are in perpetual Motion,
And still push forward to some distant View.
Odoff!—His Image hovers round my Heart ;
But how to gain him—that's a Task indeed ;
This wither'd Form has long forgot to charm ;
My Cheek shall know the rosy Blush no more ;
And these dim Eyes neglected roll in vain ;
'Tis Fraud, not Charms, must gain the lovely
Prize.

He

He comes : — How graceful ! — how sublime his
Air !

He looks a Hero, and he moves a King.

Enter ODOFF.

The Queen, your Daughter, is inexorable ;
No Arts of mine can pacify her Tears.

ELEONORA.

You mov'd your Suit, my Lord, in a wrong Hour,
And took her in the Tempest of her Soul :
But now the Fair-one, weary of her Tears,
Sinks into Slumbers ;—all her Woes forgot,
While a gay Vision swims before her Eyes.
Now your soft Story, with a better Grace,
Would steal thro' Darkness to her list'ning Ear.
But you are wise, and should know how to act.
I leave you to your self——Adieu.

[*Exit Eleonora.*

ODOFF.

This Woman, sure, has all the Serpent in her :
The Particles that form'd her subtle Soul,
Seem like the Dregs of some infernal Lake :
Yet she is useful ;—and, like the first Tempter,
We hate the Counsellor, but love the Fruit.

But

But soft a Moment.—Let not *Odo*ff stain
The Name of Soldier with a Villain's Act.
Persuasion, and smooth Eloquence, may do;
If not—No Leisure for Reflection now.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *the Apartment of Elgiva.*

ELEONORA *covered, as sleeping.*

Enter ODOFF with a Taper.

ODOFF.

SLEEPS Royal *Elgiva*?—So slumb'ring Saints
Are often rous'd from their celestial Pillows,
By Mortals Prayers, and complaining Cries.

ELEONORA *rising.*

A Light!—Nay then I'm ruin'd.

ODOFF.

Hah! *Eleonora*? ———

ELEONORA.

Yes, my Lord, 'tis she;
She whose unbridled Passion brought her here

To

268 *Some ACTS of a Second PLAY.*

To personate the Object of your Love.

The haughty Queen disdains you ;—me she flies,
And seeks the darkest Corner of the Tent,

Where she may breathe her Curses on us both ;

Yet still can you adore her froward Charms,

While a fond Heart that glories in its Chain,

Is thrown a disregarded Victim by.

You frown.—I see this Form offends your Eye ;

But, know, I have an enterprizing Brain,

That may be useful thro' your various Scenes

Of grand Ambition, or of gentle Love.

Then hear me —

ODOFF.

Yes, thy dying Groans I will ; [*Stabs her.*

More grateful than a Tale of Love from thee.

ELEONORA.

Confusion ! Where—Ah ! whither am I going !

Thou Villain !—O, that I had Strength to rend

Thy parted Limbs, and scatter them in Air.

Why hast thou swept me from the World at once ?

O ! for a Moment —

[*Dies.*

ODOFF.

'Tis well ! Thou hast the Wages of thy Guilt.

So perish all who wear the Stamp of thee.

[*Exit.*

The



The DELICATE HEN.

A F A B L E.

To a Lady who had told the Author, she thought her in Love with a certain Person, by her talking so much of him, the' not in his Commendation.

NOT lately, but some Years ago,
When *Æsop* was alive (you know)

Each Pullet, Crow, and speckled Pye,

Could talk as well as you or I.

It was in this loquacious Age,

When *Æsop* wrote his moral Page,

That in the Garden of a Clown,

Who liv'd upon a healthful Down,

A Plat of Vetches wildly grew,

Not greatly pleasing to the View :

The

The Soil was barren— (so, I ween,
 Its Product was not mighty green) ;
 And here and there a Blossom bore ;
 But Thorns and Thistles many more.

It happen'd on a Summer's Day,
 When Fields and Gardens all were gay,
 A Brace of Pullets that were nigh,
 (Pleas'd with the blue and chearful Sky)
 O'er these same Vetches took a Race,
 And (like us Women) talk'd apace.
 Dame *Partlet* bore the highest Strain ;
 She squeak'd, and cackled out amain :
 The Subject of her Chat was this,
 If Vetches boil'd, would eat amiss.
 Sometimes she lik'd 'em mighty well ;
 But soon from that Opinion fell,
 And to the Negative inclin'd,
 As thinking they were full of Wind ;
 Their Taste insipid, harsh, and dry,
 Rough to the Palate, as the Eye :

Besides,

Besides, their Colour, it was dun :

And thus her Tongue at random run.

It chanc'd a list'ning Dove was near,
Who smartly answer'd ;—" But, my Dear,
" Although you run the Vetches down,
" I dare to forfeit half a Crown,
" (Nay, I suspected it at first)
" You'd dine upon them, if you durst."

She said, —And *Partlet* made Reply,
(First turning up a fullen Eye)

" Doves may be out, as well as Crows :

" I'm not so keen as you suppose.

" 'Tis true, this Sort of Pulse may do

" For some of the voracious Crew ;

" But mine's a Stomach pretty nice,

" Can better relish Wheat and Rice :

" Yet if these are not to be had,

" Barley may do, if 'tis not bad :

" No coarser Food ;—not Vetch nor Pea,

" Tho' there were Bushels in my Way :

" For

“ For if no better I can find,
 “ (Tho’ you may blame my haughty Mind)
 “ I vow and swear, as I’m a Sinner,
 “ I’ll rather go without my Dinner.”



The BIRTH-NIGHT.

WHY did that Day neglected flee
 Which gave you to the World, and me ?
 But you must suffer now for all;
 Nor think to 'scape without a Scraul.
 A shocking Compliment have I
 To make its Ent'rance by-and-by
 (In which not *Flamus* rivals me);
 And 'tis by way of Simile.
 But first, as Dedicators do,
 I must acquaint the World and you,
 That I to flatter can't tell how :
 But what we write we dare avow ;

And

And, in a Word, we shall declare,
'Tis all as true as you are there.
For tho' your *Mira* loves you more,
Than ever *Mira's* did before;
Believe her, she has no such Views
As your grave Servant Mr. *H—s*.

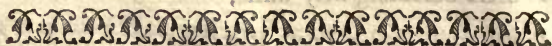
Mince-Pye, green Beans, and a fine Hen,
We had for Supper, you know when;
Which Pullet we intend ('tis true)
As Emblem of its Owner, You.
And now you start, and cry—Nay, then!
'Cause we compare you to a Hen:
But do not Swains compare their Loves
To Kids, and Lambs, and Turtle-Doves?
And small the Odds, if we may guess,
Save one is larger, t'other less.
But to proceed;—The Sauce was rare;
The Fowl was tempting, plump, and fair:

And yet yourself unkindly told,
 I fear the Chick is something old.
 'Thad been a Secret, but for you,
 And undiscern'd by Taste or View:
 But now (as 'tis the Poets Fashion)
 Proceed we to the Application.

As first;—Regard this faithful Page;
 Nor rank yourself with hoary Age:
 For who amongst the Crew, whom Pride
 Leads to your chearful Fire-side,
 Can judge the Number of your Days,
 Which not your Face nor Wit betrays?
 And tho' not *Shrivla's* Hat you wear,
 Nor *Fadia's* bugle Solitair;
 Nor *Ogla's* Curls, which (ah!) betray:
 What would the babling Monster say?
 No Treason.—*Ogla's* Locks are grey.
 Yet the spruce Mob, that with a Pin
 You careless fix beneath the Chin,

Is more becoming fifty times,
 If you will trust a Poet's Rhymes:
 Yet I am told, (can prove it too)
 There's a Cosmetic us'd by you,
 Whose sov'reign Virtue can infuse
 More Sweetness than *Arabian Dews*:
 It smooths the Brow that's mark'd by Care,
 And gives the Lips a smiling Air:
 The soften'd Cheek it gently warms,
 And gives the Eyes resistless Charms.
 From Heav'n it came; yet none declares
 What Name the wond'rous Med'cine bears
 Above the Stars. We only know
 'Tis call'd *Good-Nature* here below.





The MUSES EMBASSY.

THE Muses, as some Authors say,
 Who found their Empire much decay,
 Since *Prior's* Lute was stopp'd by Death,
 And *Pope* resign'd his tuneful Breath,
 Fair *Iris* call'd, and bid her go,
 And search the busy World below:
 But chief among the female Kind
 They bid her look, if she could find
 (Altho' her Journey should be long)
 The fruitful Parent of a Song.
 The careful Goddess took her Round,
 And travel'd long: At last she found,
 Beyond the very Skirts of *Fame*,
 An humble, but a fertile Dame,
 Who brought forth Infants, two and two;
 But such no Creature ever knew:

With

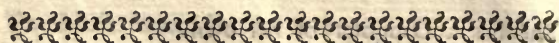
With Scars and Botches blemish'd o'er;
 Some hump'd behind, and some before;
 And Cripples in the last Degree,
 Some ne'er a Foot, and some had three.
 The puzzled Goddess hardly knew,
 Nor guess'd at what she'd best to do;
 Or still on Earth to let them lie,
 Or bear the Pygmies to the Sky,
 To shame the wretched Parent more,
 And set *Parnassus* in a Roar.
 Thus stood *Iris*, full of Care,
 Till came by a gentle Fair,
 Who on the crippled Infants smil'd,
 And pity'd each neglected Child.
 The doubting Goddess lik'd the Dame;
 Inquired of her Place and Name;
 And did not scruple to declare,
 She'd trust the Infants to her Care,
 To form their Bodies, and their Minds,
 Till they should flourish into Rhymes;

278 POEMS on several Occasions.

And for the Charge, she durst to say,
 The Muses would be sure to pay.
 This done, she bid a short Adieu,
 And to her Hill the Goddeſs flew,
 Where ſat the Muses in a Ring,
 And in the miſt their laurel'd King,
 In brief fair *Iris* told her Tale,
 And what ſhe found on yonder Vale;
 But to conform them into Rule,
 She ſet the wayward Brats to School.
 “ To whom ? ” The tuneful Virgins cry'd;
 To *Partheniſſa*, ſhe reply'd.
 Much Wonder thro' the Circle ran,
 Till *Thalia* roſe, and thus began:
 To *Partheniſſa* ! cries the Dame;
 I'm not a Stranger to her Name:
 Nor had I ſent, if you muſt know,
 Swift *Iris* to the World below,
 The drowſy Nation to explore,
 But to enhance her Fame the more,
 Now,

Now, to the World let it be known,
 She has a Daughter of her own.
 Then from *Amaranthine* Bowers,
 Spangled with immortal Flowers,
 She brought the Babe.—*Polhymnia* smil'd,
 And each, by turns, salute the Child.
 Hail! fair Mortal, cries the Ring:
 Hail! replies their laurel'd King.
 Welcome to our blissful Bowers,
 Fields of ever-blooming Flowers!
 Here for ever mayst thou shine,
 Beauteous Darling of the Nine!





T I M O N.

TO all the World let this appear,
 To tell them *Timon* has been here,
 To visit both my Verse and me.

“ Was *Timon* here?—And what said he?”

Nay, that’s a Tale too hard, d’ye see:

As well you might to Question call

The Eloquence of yonder Wall;

Or ask how mould’ring Statues sing,

Or Busts of *Arthur*, *England’s* King.

“ Hold, *Mira*!—nay, consider—fie!”

Your Pardon, Madam—Bards will lye:

By their Example, so may I.

But now (from Jealousy to screen us)

I’ll tell you all that pass’d between us.

In came the Swain, with Cap in Hand:

‘ You’ll please to sit’—“ I’d rather stand:”

‘ Look,

‘ Look, here are Seats, Sir, three or four:’

“ But I approve the Window more.”

Then *Mira*’s Tongue began to clack,

As if she’d oil’d it o’er with Sack:

‘ What a cold Shower lately fell!

‘ Your Sister looks exceeding well:’

(For soft *Janira* too was there)

‘ You, Madam, look extremely fair.

‘ I’m mighty glad you both are come:

‘ And how do all your Friends at home?’

Now, wanting Breath, a Pause succeeds:

The Muse is call’d, and *Timon* reads.

All serious sat the awful Swain;

But *Mira* could not long contain.

‘ Well, how d’ye like the Rhymes, I pray?

‘ D’ye think they’ll pass?—Good Madam, say?

‘ Look! here is an heroic Letter;

‘ But some approve of Doggrel better:

‘ And here’s an Ode—Peruse it—come;

‘ And let us hear your Judgment’—“ Hum!”

Nay,

- ‘ Nay, I must own they’re simple Things:
- ‘ The Muse should prune her aukward Wings.
- ‘ O, Sir! what! you have finish’d this?
- ‘ And how d’ye like——“ Your Servant, Miss.”



Fuddling DICKY, and Scolding NELLY.

NELLY.

SO! you’re come home exceeding sober !
 Thou reeling Hoghead of October :
 Faugh! out upon’t !—*There* comes a Gale
 Of stinking Pipes, and sowre Ale!

DICKY.

Uh! what a plague’s the Matter now?
 Why let’s alone, you dirty Sow.
 Don’t fright yourself: Whate’er I do,
 I shall keep far enough from you.

NELLY.

NELLY.

So thou hadst best, thou dirty Beast !
What would I give to be releas'd,
To see the End of all my Sorrow,
And have thee laid i'th' Ground To-morrow ?

DICKY.

And so I find you'd have me die :
I thank you *Nelly*—By-and-by.
They say *that* Bed is cold ; alack !
I'd fain have *Nelly* at my Back.

NELLY.

Thou Scoundrel !—But I might have thought,
That I should live to want a Groat,
When I, that came of good Degree,
Debas'd myself, and marry'd thee.

DICKY.

'Tis true, indeed, like sparkling Perry,
My Ancestors were poor and merry :

My Father's Name was honest *Saunders* :

A Fig for Lords and *Alexanders*.

NELLY.

You might have been asham'd to stay,

And guzzle, guzzle, all the Day :

With what kind Dame have you been billing ?

And have you spent your *South-Sea* Shilling ?

DICKY.

Huzza !—Hold not so hot, my Dear :

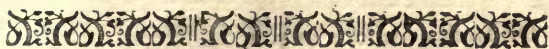
Send *Cic'ly* for a Pint of Beer :

This Life, you know, how soon it ends :

Let's drink together, and be Friends.



MINU-



MINUTIUS. ARTEMISIA.

A DIALOGUE.

MINUTIUS.

DEAR Ma'am, your Servant—How d'ye do?

ARTEMISIA.

Indifferent, Sir—And how do you?

MINUTIUS.

Why, my offended Taste declares

This *Br——ly* is the worst of Airs;

Where standing Wells, and putrid Drains,

And sweating Nymphs, and spawling Swains,

On either Side, before, behind,

Provide a Stench for ev'ry Wind.

Who can endure the hideous Scene,

Where ev'ry Face creates the Spleen?

And

And were it not for one or two
 Of Ladies, delicate as you,
 No Gentleman of Taste would stay
 In this loath'd Parish half a Day.
 But, now we talk of fulsome Things,
 I fain would hear how *Mira* sings;
 (Ye Muses! fly to distant Climes,
 Nor let our Spinsters scribble Rhymes)
 For you, dear Madam, I am told,
 Have help'd to make the Damfel bold;
 Have help'd to stain the sacred Bays,
 By smiling on her foolish Lays.

ARTEMISIA.

Your Informations are not wrong;
 For I'm a Friend to *Mira's* Song;
 And love the Rhymes, altho' I know
 From whence the rude Productions flow:
 Nay (what's a Paradox to you)
 I likewise can the Author view;

Can

Can bear her nigh—yet calmly fit
 Without a Qualm, or fainting Fit.
 But here—peruse this artless Scribble,
 And sift it thro' a Critic's Riddle;
 Then shall we taste its Beauties more,
 When you have purg'd the droffy Ore;
 And see the Sense distinct and plain,
 The Chaff extracted from the Grain.

MINUTIUS.

He! he!—Are these the Verses then?
 She wrote 'em with a filthy Pen.
 As I'm a Gentleman, I vow
 I never saw the like till now:
 There's not a Stop throughout the Song;
 Or, if there is, 'tis planted wrong:
 The hideous Scrawl offends my Sight:
 But how should she know how to write
 'Tis time to lay all Science by,
 If such as she must verify,

ARTEMISIA.

Nay, softly, Sir!—If I am right,
 You step beside the Question quite.
 That you should mark,—was my Intention,
 Her Thought, her Language, and Invention;
 Point out the Blemishes, and tell
 Where the Lines fall, and where excel;
 Yet keep your Patience, tho' you see
 A crump-back'd *H*, or faulty *G*;
 For, trust me, Sir, I never try'd
 To recommend her for a Scribe.

MINUTIUS.

Your Pardon, Madam! But I find
 It is the Fault of Womankind
 To overlook these solid Cares,
 For Wit, and Froth, and sprightly Airs.
 But to the 'foresaid Observation:
 This Line is an Interrogation:

Then

Then where's the proper Mark to show it?

(A-pize on such an empty Poet!)

Next, to all Eyes it will appear,

An Afterisk is wanting here.

Look! here should be a Pause—and this

Inclos'd in a Parenthesis:

And here——Nay, Madam, do not frown,

For here's a Comma upside down.

Shall Crimes like these go by unheeded?

Might I advise, I'd have her bled.

The Girl is sure beside her Wits,

And scribbles in her frantic Fits.

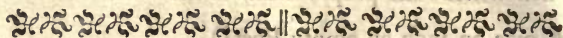
But stay——Your Patience I offend:

I wish your Poetess would mend:

Till then, I solemnly declare,

Her Verses are not worth your Care.





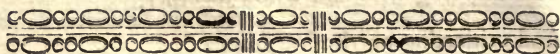
The VISIT.

WITH Walking sick, with Court'fies lame,
 And frighted by the scolding Dame,
 Poor *Mira* once again is seen
 Within the Bounds of *Gofslin-Green*.

O ARTEMISIA! dear to me,
 As to the Lawyer golden Fee;
 Whose Name dwells pleasant on my Tongue,
 And first, and last, shall grace my Song;
 Receive within your friendly Door
 A Wretch that vows to rove no more:
 In some close Corner let me hide,
 Remote from Compliments and Pride;
 Where Morals grave, or Sonnets gay,
 Delude the guiltless chearful Day;
 Where we a sprightly Theme may find,
 Besides enquiring where's the Wind,

Or whisp'ring who and who's together,
 And criticizing on the Weather ;
 Where careless Creatures, such as I,
 May 'scape the penetrating Eye
 Of Students in Physiognomy ;
 Who read your want of Wit or Grace,
 Not from your Manners, but your Face ;
 Whose Tongues are for a Week supply'd
 From one poor Mouth that's stretch'd too wide ;
 Who greatly blame a freckled Hand,
 A skinny Arm, full Shoulders ; and,
 Without a Microscope, can spy
 A Nose that's plac'd an Inch awry.
 In vain to gloomy Shades you flee ;
 Like Mice, in Darknefs they can see :
 In vain to glaring Lights you run ;
 Their Eyes can face a mid-day Sun :
 You'll find no Safety in Retreat ;
 Like Sharks, they never mince their Meat ;
 Their dreadful Jaws they open throw,
 And, if they catch you, down you go.

}



A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of Gofslin Common.

ONCE on a time, all in a Town,
There liv'd a Lady gay,

As Poets sing—of great Renown:

Ah! well-a-day!

But whether now on Earth she roves,

Alas! we cannot say;

Or in the fair *Elysian* Groves:

Ah! well-a-day!

But if she walks beneath the Moon,

Among the Sons of Clay,

For her our smiling Fields shall bloom:

Ah! come away.

Now

Now in his Chariot shines the Sun,
So brilliant and so gay ;
The stormy Rains are past and gone :
Ah ! come away.

Before her may the Puddles dry,
And Jetty point the Way ;
While gentle Zephyrs fan the Sky :
Make no Delay.



'Tis their Discourse alone that fills our Tale.
 Begin—One Morning, in a flow'ry Vale,
 This Couple walk'd, to hear the Linnet sing,
 And share the Beauties of the dawning Spring :
Phillario thus—What Nymph, O Shepherd! reigns
 The rural Toast of these delightful Plains?
 For much I fear th'*Arcadian* Nymphs outshine
 The shiv'ring Beauties of this Northern Clime.

CORYDON.

Young *Daphne* some, and some *Amynta* praise;
 Some doat on *Delia* for her graceful Ease :
 Some wond'ring Swain bright *Cynthia's* Eye inspires;
 Another *Claudia's* charming Voice admires :
 Some like no Face but *Phillada's* the fair ;
 And some *Cymene's*, with the raven Hair,

PHILLARIO.

But who is she that walks from yonder Hill,
 With studious Brows, and Night-cap Dishabille ?

That looks a Stranger to the Beams of Day;
And counts her Steps, and mutters all the Way?

CORYDON.

'Tis *Mira*, Daughter to a Friend of mine;
'Tis she that makes your what-d'ye-call — your
Rhyme.

I own the Girl is something out o'th' way:
But how d'ye like her? Good *Phillario*, say!

PHILLARIO.

Like her! — I'd rather beg the friendly Rains
To sweep that Nuisance from thy loaded Plains;
That ———

CORYDON.

—— Hold, *Phillario*! She's a Neighbour's Child:
'Tis true, her Linen may be something soil'd.

PHILLARIO.

Her Linen, *Corydon*! — Herself, you mean.
Are such the Dryads of thy smiling Plain?

Why,

Why, I could swear it, if it were no Sin,
That yon lean Rook can shew a fairer Skin.

CORYDON.

What tho' some Freckles in her Face appear?
That's only owing to the time o'th' Year.
Her Eyes are dim, you'll say: Why, that is true:
I've heard the Reason, and I'll tell it you.
By a Rush-Candle (as her Father says)
She sits whole Ev'nings, reading wicked Plays.

PHILLARIO.

She read!—She'd better milk her brindled Cows;
I wish the Candle does not finge her Brows,
So like a dry Furze-faggot; and, beside,
Not quite so even as a Mouse's Hide.

CORYDON.

Come, come; you view her with malicious Eyes:
Her Shape ———

PHILLARIO.

——Where Mountains upon Mountains rise!

And,

And, as they fear'd some Treachery at hand,
Behind her Ears her list'ning Shoulders stand.

CORYDON.

But she has Teeth——

PHILLARIO.

———Confid'ring how they grow,

'Tis no great matter if she has or no:

They look decay'd with Posset, and with Plumbs,
And seem prepar'd to quit her swelling Gums.

CORYDON.

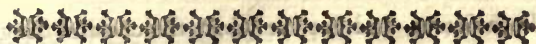
No more, my Friend! for see, the Sun grows high,

And I must send the Weeders to my Rye:

Those spurious Plants must from the Soil be torn,

Lest the rude Brambles over-top the Corn.

Note, *This Description of her Person is a Caracature.*



*The XVIIIth P S A L M Imitated, to the
15th Verse.*

YE fainted Virgins, and celestial Choirs,
With sacred Hymns my rising Heart inspire;
A grateful Offring to your Gates I bring,
A Song of Praise to Heav'n's tremendous King.
Let ev'ry Creature join the grateful Sound,
That skim thro' Air, or tread the mossy Ground:
The God of *Israel*, and J E H O V A H sing;
The dread and glorious Guard of *Jacob's* King.
Be still, ye Winds, that o'er the Ocean fly,
Nor with your Motion vex the beauteous Sky,
Swelling Raptures in my Bosom roll,
And great Ideas lift my rising Soul.

Praise the Lord, ye Nations, Pow'rs, and Tongues ;
Both Slaves, and Sceptres, join the chearful Song :
Let balmy Odours from the Altars rise,
And Hallelujahs fill the joyful Skies,
While the warm Life shall in my Art'ries spring,
My Tongue shall talk of Heav'n's immortal King ;
Whose Mercy led me thro' furrounding Fires,
And bore me safely o'er the quaking Mires.
When, swifter than the foaming Surges roll,
Pale Woes came rushing on my wounded Soul ;
When the grim Deep, with her extended Jaw,
Breathed Destruction from the hideous Flaw ;
Unhurt I pass'd, beneath His sacred Hand,
Thro' hissing Legions, and destructive Brands.
Bleak Envy trembled at his awful Nod,
And frightened Malice dropt her baneful Rod :
The God of Mercy view'd my bleeding Wrongs ;
His Fury kindled at the impious Throng ;

The Darts of Vengeance at my Foes He threw,
And forky Lightnings shone with dreadful Hue :
Then Wrath descended from the heav'nly Fields,
And hurling Tempests drove the rapid Wheels :
With Terror crown'd, and with Confusion rob'd,
Then from her Centre shook the trembling Globe ;
The Stars, affrighted, from their Orbs retir'd,
And Whirlwinds rage amidst the curling Fires :
Smoke before him roll'd in purple Clouds ;
Vengeance follow'd in a flaming Shroud :
Then the low-brow'd Rocks affrighted saw
The yawning Deep stretch out her fearful Jaw,
Rend her Foundations, and expose to Sight
The Realms of Chaos, and perpetual Night.
Vindictive Hail in horrid Sheets was hurl'd ;
And awful Thunder shook the quaking World ;
A dreadful Shade possess'd the troubled Sky,
And thro' the Whirlwinds temp'rate Angels fly ;

At whose Command the livid Lightnings glare,
Blended with Confusion and Despair.

Contention, in the Shape of scorching Brands,
Poured Destruction on the wasting Lands.

Bleak Sickness, wrapt with her infectious Robe,
Led on a Train of complicated Woes :

Vengeance frown'd, and shook her dreadful Rod ;
The Heavens tremble, and the Mountains nod.





LETTERS, &c.

Written by Mrs. *LEAPOR*.

The following Piece was written by the Author, when very young.

UPON my lately reading a Discourse, wherein the Author seemed to reflect with great Severity on the Errors and Vices of wealthy People, and at the same time to congratulate the Poor, in that their Poverty secured them against various Temptations, especially Pride; some little Contradiction arising in my Mind, led me insensibly into a Train of Thoughts, which I shall present to the Reader without any further Apology.—If we consider the Behaviour of Mankind, from the Prince to the Peasant, we shall find the Seeds of the same Passions, the same Virtues and Vices

Vices, in all Ranks and Degrees of People: Pride is a kind of epidemical Vice in the Minds of Youth; with which, in different Degrees, all are possess'd, and exert themselves according to their different Circumstances. A new Gown, a lac'd Mob, a Necklace, and a Topknot, are Felicities courted with as much Impatience, and pursued with as great Anxiety, by ordinary Females, as rich Brocades, gilt Chariots, and powder'd Footmen, are by those in a more conspicuous Station. The same Observation may be made in the Male World; and, in my Opinion, a new Surtout, or a modish Wig, are Motives full as worthy to engage the Attention of a reasonable Creature, as a Silver-hilted Sword, or an embroider'd Waistcoat. Wealth is certainly a great Blessing, when it falls into the Possession of worthy Persons: It gives a Lustre to those Virtues and Attainments, that, without it, dwindle away, and are lost in Obscurity: It adds Reverence to the Divine, Authority to the Philosopher, Honour to the Soldier, and at least, his usual Recompence, Praise to the Poet. On the other hand, altho' the modest Virgin, the tender Mother, the agreeable Friend, and the pious Matron, are Gems that will shew themselves to Advantage, even in a Cottage;

Cottage ; yet how much more amiable are these Accomplishments in a higher Station, when adorned with Generosity, Learning, and a refined Behaviour ! But then, as Virtue appears in a more majestic Form by the Addition of Wealth and Power ; so the Vices and ill Qualities of People of Condition appear with a Face of double Deformity, by reason their Behaviour has a sort of Influence on the rest of Mankind. I have before observed, that there is a Tincture of Ambition in all Degrees ; and those who cannot come up to the Wisdom and Sublimities of their Superiors, can at least imitate their Vices and Imperfections. How shocking then is the Behaviour of some Persons blessed with plentiful Fortunes, good Understanding, sprightly Wit, and Talents which, if rightly applied, would distinguish them more from the rest of Mankind, than the Number of their Acres, or the Insolence of their Power ; yet, charmed with the mock Homage of their silken Slaves, and stupid with intoxicating Pleasure, he gives a Loose to his long-struggling Passions, to take in Luxury, with its licentious Train ! Discarded Reason having taken her Flight, charmed with his new Companions, the intoxicated Idiot scarce believes he is mortal ; Pride, Tyranny,

and Rapine, follow; and Innocence and Beauty fall unpitied Victims at his lawless Altar. Thus, if pamper'd Vice makes so terrible a Figure, how careful ought those to be, whom Providence has entrusted with a larger Share of what we call the Goods of Fortune, that they may not, by their Example, corrupt the Minds of those below them! For altho', as I have before hinted, there are the same Inclinations to Ill in all sorts of People, yet the Vices, as well as Virtues, of the Indigent are not so visible, nor so much regarded in the Eye of the World, tho' they are of the same Consequence to their own Persons; and neither Wealth nor Power, Poverty nor Subjection, can secure us from those Passions and Inquietudes so natural and so painful to a thinking Being. Ambition is the constant Torment of sprightly and aspiring Minds: It haunts the Wise thro' all their varied Systems of Philosophy, and reigns within the Bosom of the Satirist, even whilst he ridicules it as an unsatisfying and empty Folly. Providence does not think fit always to bestow Wealth upon the greatest Minds; but, on the contrary, People of the best Capacities are often under the Frowns, or at least the Indifference, of Fortune: It is a great Happiness, when such

Persons can suit their Minds to their Condition. It is not in every one's Power to be rich ; but it is in every one's Power to be content, if he will endeavour it ; unless the Party be under the immediate Hand of great Poverty, or real Sorrow ; and then I believe it scarce possible for a Person that has any Taste of Happiness or Misery to be truly easy, while he is under the dreadful Apprehension of wanting the common Necessaries of Life : But where Poverty does not appear in such a frightful Shape, it is a great Absurdity to lose the Taste of present Enjoyments, by grasping and mourning for Things beyond all Possibility of our ever obtaining. Those who cannot shine in a partial and ingrateful World, may despise it ; and, conscious of their Innocence and concealed Perfections, may, with equal Temper, look down on Censure and Applause. This happy Virtue will bear the Person who enjoys it safe thro' the tumultuous Waves of Sorrow, Disappointment, Censure, and Derision ; and open a Prospect, thro' the Gloom that hangs about him, to a more more joyful Scene of Peace, Justice, and Immortality.

On the Essay on Woman in Vol. II. p. 64.

Dear Madam,

I Have read your agreeable Raillery with much Pleasure.—I must own your Weapons are pretty keen; and I can find no better Defence, than by turning some of them back upon my Accuser.—First, as to the Whole: You are very well acquainted with the Christian System, and must know, that as I turned out naked my *youngest and most neglected Child* * to your Mercy, you ought to have given it a Garment this cold Season, and not upbraid its Poverty.—Next, great Letters are my Aversion: I could never write them well; and they always look like a Parcel of misshapen *Dutchmen*.—Notwithstanding your Compliment, of seeing my Picture in *Pamphilia*, I must affirm it is not so.—Now to the Feast: You are not to suppose a Woman of *Corelia's* Character would admit of Two Dishes upon her Table at once: No; they are separate Meals; and the Potatoes are not introduced as Sawce to the Pye.—

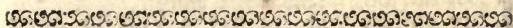
* *The Essay on Woman.*

Now,

Now, dear Madam, if you consider this, you will find nothing inconsistent there.—Now to the Muses: I don't call them to fortify my Walls against Wealth itself, but against Wealth in such a Shape as we had then described; and you are not to think, that Poets, who love Ease and Pleasure, and the most gay Delights of Life, should hate the only Means of obtaining it.—You will pardon this Remonstrance from

Your humble Servant,

MIRA.



*Sent with the Poem called The Proclamation of
Apollo, inserted in Vol. I. p. 41.*

Dear Madam,

THE Occasion of this Whim was the reading of that List prefixed to Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*, which tells us the Number of his Enemies.—After having fretted at their Impudence, who durst scribble against my favourite Author, I began to reflect on the Stupidity of Goose-quill Wars, and these Knight-Errants of *Apollo*.

This Paper has nothing to boast of; but, as it is new, you may perhaps think it worth reading: And if I have the Happiness to amuse you at a leisure Hour, it is enough for

Your humble Servant,

MIRA.

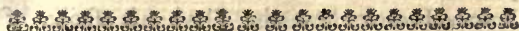


THALIA, *To Miss BIDDY.*

I Won't command, but I think I have a Right to entreat you, to pay a Visit to *Mira* shortly; for she is extremely busy, adding, curtailing, and erasing one Piece of Nonsense, to substitute another in its stead: So that, without your speedy Admonition, the Tragedy will probably be reduced to a Farce, and from that to a simple Dialogue. I therefore beg you to check her Insolence, and you will highly oblige

Your humble Servant,

THALIA.



On her Verses being sent to London.

Dear Madam,

I Yesterday received a Letter from my Aunt, who commends the Verses, as a Boy would do his Firmity: "They are very good, and I desire some more." She is very sententious, but seems uneasy thro' too much Business; and has concluded her Epistle with a Brace of Lines, which I shrewdly suspect to be stolen from St. *Matthew*. They are these: "So you see, my Dear, I am cumbered about many things; and you have chosen the better Part." I cast a languishing Eye upon the Waggon Yesterday. It is impossible to express the Hopes, the Fears, the various Conjectures, and Reveries, that your humble Servant must undergo this important Season. I am like the unhappy Gentleman mentioned in the *Guardian*; and can scarce endure the bare Pronunciation of the Letter S: The hissing of the Tea-kettle distracts me; and if I meet a Goose, I shun him as I would a Lion, or a Crocodile. I intend speedily to provide a Quantity of Hysteric Drops, being apprehen-

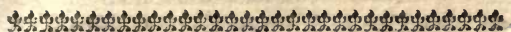
prehensive of Fits at the Sonnd of the Post-horn. I can't hear the Playhouse spoke of without trembling; and shall not dare to look into a News-paper, for fear of meeting with the Name of *Gibber*.

Yet, after all, *Mira* has her gay Intervals, and an excellent Knack at Castle-building. In short, if our Scheme succeeds, I intend to shew my Public Spirit: As, first, I shall open two or three more Windows in the College-Chapel, and perhaps add another Isle to it. I shall erect a few Alms-houses; and have some Thoughts of founding an Hospital for indigent or distracted Poets. I presume this will take up as much of my superfluous Wealth as I can spare from the Extravagance of a gay Retinue and splendid Equipage, in which I intend to abound. Amidst all this, I shall not be ingrateful, tho' perhaps somewhat haughty. Yet my Chariot or Landau shall be ever at your Service, and ready to convey you to my Country-seat, or to my House in *Hanover-square*. But, till all this shall happen, I am proud to subscribe myself

Your humble Servant,

M I R A.

On



On her Writings being to be printed.

Dear Madam,

I Am sorry to hear you are not well, and am afraid you are uneasy about the Success of my Writings; which I should be grieved to think of. Let the worst happen, I am but as I was before: I shall eat as long as I can, and sleep when I am easy. There is the same Air for me to breathe in, and the same all-cheering Sun. And as my few Acquaintance did not take to me upon the Account of Poetry, so they will scarcely fall off upon its ill Success.

Dear Madam, I thank you for your kind Admonition: Yet I believe you mistook my Intention; which was not to meditate upon *Homer*, but, out of an excessive Curiosity (peculiar to my Temper), to know the latter End; tho' I intend to read and digest him at a more proper time. I beg your Pardon for scribbling to you twice in one Day; but, as it is a Pleasure to me to be talking to you, I hope you will pardon this, and many such Faults, in

Your humble Servant,

M I R A.



On the same Subject.

I Am obliged to the Gentleman for his Criticisms on my Verse, and think they are most of them right; and if it is not led to the Flames, like many of its Predecessors, those Lines which he has taken Notice of shall be altered.

But as to what he observes concerning *Stephen Duck*, I am of Opinion, that it was not his Situation, but the Royal Favour, which gained the Country over to his Side; and therefore I think it needless to paint the Life of a Person, who depends more upon the Curiosity of the World, than its Good-nature. Besides, the seeing myself described in Print would give me the same Uneasiness as being stared at. For this Reason, whenever my Verses shall appear amongst the Public, I hope they will excuse the Author in this Particular. I hope the Lines will not fall greatly short of the first-mentioned Number; for I made but a random Computation; and there have been several Papers wrote since that was made.

I send these Verses, not upon Account of their superior Merit, but that they are of a suitable Length; for I suppose it will be proper to print Two, that the Reader may have some Variety: Yet, if all or either of these are not approved, I shall very willingly submit to the Decision of your better Judgment, and will change them for any other. I have very little Notion of what will please the Public: But, if I might speak my own private Thoughts, it is this: That there was no need of a Specimen: For I am sure there is no Paper of mine has any Title to Perfection: They are only a Parcel of checker'd Thoughts, scarce tolerable when together; but, if we part them, they make a sad Figure. But whatever be the Fate of my Verse, the Endeavours of my Friends will be gratefully acknowledg'd, and all Informations gladly accepted. For altho' Self-conceit be reckon'd the inseparable Companion of an Author, I hope it will never (justly) be laid to the Charge of

Your humble Servant,

M. L.

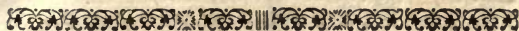


On her MOPSUS. See Vol. II. p. 11.

Dear Madam,

I Did not think to have finished *Mopsus* To-day: But, hoping it may divert you, and as I had but a few Lines to write, I have sent him out to make his Court immediately. 'Tis true, he is but an uncouth Gentleman: But, dear Madam, let his constant Desire to please the Fair make up his want of Merit. I am to confess, that I have drawn my own Picture in many Places where I have described this unlucky Hero. But it is a kind of popular Piece, and may serve for many a real *Mopsus*. It is impossible to guess at the Fate of this new-born Son: But, as he was produced under your Smile, he cannot but thrive. You are to observe, that I send him to you, as to a private School, in order to receive his first Principles, before I trust him in the Hands of more severe Teachers. I hope your Health will soon permit you to go abroad. In the mean time, if any thing of mine will entertain you, I am pleas'd it should.

Sent



Sent with the Psalm inserted Page 299.

Dear Madam,

I Have, in Obedience to your Commands, endeavoured to put this Psalm into Verse, at least the Sense of it. The Imitation (for it can be called no other) does not begin till the Tenth Verse, the latter End being much the same as the Beginning. Perhaps you may think it short ; but I would not push the Theme too far, for fear you should not approve it, it being the first I ever threw into the Shape of an Ode. It is not for me to do Justice to that sublime Prophet : But, such as it is, I commit it to your Judgment, and am ready to correct its Errors. The last Verse is taken out of another Psalm. Mrs. ——— has took the Play, in order to carry to Miss ———. It is a foolish Temper in me ; but I cannot help being uneasy at parting with a Piece I most value.

I have great Apprehensions, that the Ladies won't think it worth their Care. In this Temper of Mind I cannot help sighing, to think,
that

that my Way of Life obliges me to seek the Approbation of a giddy World, and People whose manner of thinking I am a Stranger to, as well as to their Friendship. Those Lines of Mr. *Pope* now occur to my Memory, where he professes only to consult the End of his Being, and resolves to

*Maintain a Poet's Dignity and Ease,
And see what Friends, and read what Books I
please.*

But this Quotation will not serve for me: And the chief Consolation I have, is, that I am allowed to profess myself

Your humble Servant,

M I R A.

Dear Madam, I could wish you would throw away an Afternoon upon me, when you have one to spare; for your Visits, tho' full of Good-nature, are exceeding short.



*On the Son of Sirach, and the Prayer
of Manaffes.*

Dear Madam,

THAT I have not spoke to you these Two Days, Face to Face, is the Occasion of this Scrawl. I am, as I always was, mightily pleased with that sublime Book, called *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*; and have a Mind to collect the Sentences that best please me, and suit my Purpose, and write them in my Table-book, in order to form a Poem in the manner of Mr. Pope's *Messiah*: But it shall wait for your Opinion. You may perhaps wonder that I should take it into my Head to ask Leave to do what I have done for Years without: But you will consider, that I was resolved to write, but yet had nothing to say: So that, unless you will suffer me to be impertinent, I must be silent; an intolerable Punishment to a prating Humour.

There is another Part in the *Apocrypha*, which strikes me vastly. It is the Prayer of *Manaffes* King of *Israel*, in his Captivity. I don't doubt but you have observed it, and am sure you must approve,

prove. I wonder why it was not admitted into our Church-Services; for, in my Opinion, there never was any thing more moving: Not all the sacred Authors I ever look'd into, not the finest Sentence in a well-written Tragedy, ever left so deep an Impression on my Spirits, as the Sentiments of this repenting King; tho' I don't remember to have seen it mentioned in any Author; and that methinks is strange. But I suppose the Doubt is, whether this Monarch was the Author or not. Be that as it will, the thing is in itself excellent: The Style is pleasant, and has something in it of modern Eloquence; and those agreeable Repetitions awaken the Reader's Attention, and leave a pleasing Anguish on the Mind. In the Whole, it is the perfect Picture of a wounded Soul: And *Manasses*, in his Chains and Afflictions, is a greater Favourite of mine, than all the *Cæsars*, *Cicero*, or *Cato* himself.

I would beg of you, if you please, to send me the rest of the *Odysssey*; for I long to know the End of the Fable; and I have Leisure To-day from dirty Work. O law! how the Word *dirty* looks in this sublime Letter! Pray let me hear of your Health, and believe me

Your humble Servant,

M I R A.

Sent to a Lady in the Illness of that Lady's Mother.

Dear Madam,

I Can find no Excuse for sending you a Parcel of Nonsense to other Day, but Ignorance of your Mother's Condition. I am too well acquainted with your Mother's Temper, not to feel for you in your present Circumstances: And, if I was Mistress of any tolerable Eloquence, would endeavour to reconcile your Spirits to what must certainly happen to you, to me, and to all Mankind; viz. a Separation from our Friends, at least so far as concerns our present Life and Enjoyments. I, who cannot boast of a Heart so susceptible and delicate as yours, have at least felt the Strength of Nature in the parting Pang; and can assure you from Experience, that (to a Soul capable of strong Ideas) the Apprehension of this formidable Evil is more terrible than its real Approach; tho' I hope there is no immediate Danger: But I would prepare you for the worst: And, if my Arguments are silly, they proceed from a well-meant Sincerity. In spite of all our

Sorrow for the Loss of a good and worthy Person, there is a Consolation that will shine thro' the Cloud, and reproach our Grief, as proceeding from a self-interested Motive. This Consideration, with the Help of Time, is a great Allay to this afflicting Passion. To say you have enjoy'd a Parent much longer than you could probably expect, is nothing to the Purpose: We know habitual Converse makes the Link more strong: And 'tis easier to part with a Friend at Nineteen, while we are full of aspiring Hopes, and gay Desires, than at a riper Age.

All this is Nature; yet it is not Reason. If, amidst that Whirl of Passion, in which the Soul at such a time is usually engaged, we had Power to reflect, we should think in another manner.

Another aggravating Circumstance which I know presents itself to your Imagination, is this: That your last Friend is now at Stake: That in her you lose all the Tenderneſs of a Relation; at least all that is worthy to be called so. This is true. And I cannot tell how to reconcile you to this Misfortune better, than to set before you the Pictures of numberless miserable Orphans,

Orphans, expos'd in their tender Years to Hunger and Cruelty. But these Examples seem too wide to make any great Impression on your Mind. We will therefore leave the Wretched, and turn our Eyes to those who are more properly styl'd the Unhappy. If I might be allowed to make the Comparison, our Conditions, in this Place, seem a little parallel: But, should I survive my Parent, the Event would be very different. You lose a fond Parent, that doats upon you, and all the tender Comforts that flow from her: I lose both that, and all the Necessaries of Life: Left naked and defenceless, without Friend, and without Dependence; with a weak and indolent Body to provide for its own Subsistence; and a restless Mind, rack'd with unprofitable Invention. This is no very pleasing Prospect; but I seldom dwell long upon it.

I am now to beg Pardon for this long Epistle. Dear Madam, if you find I can be of any Use, this whole Frame, such as it is, is at your Service, at any Hour.

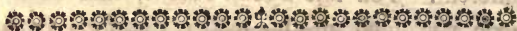
That you may not want these Consolations, but long enjoy Health, Happiness, and a Mother,

ther, shall be not only the Wish, but the
Prayer, of

Your humble Servant,

MIRAM

I must recommend to you the Preservation
of your own Health; and should be glad
if it was in my Power to do more than
wish you well.



EPITAPH *on* MOLLY LEAPOR.

REST, gentle Shade: Thy Virtue, Wit,
and Worth,

Survive the Tomb, and dignify thy Birth.

Living, thy Virtue eas'd a Parent's Care;

Dying, thy Works suspend his dropping Tear.

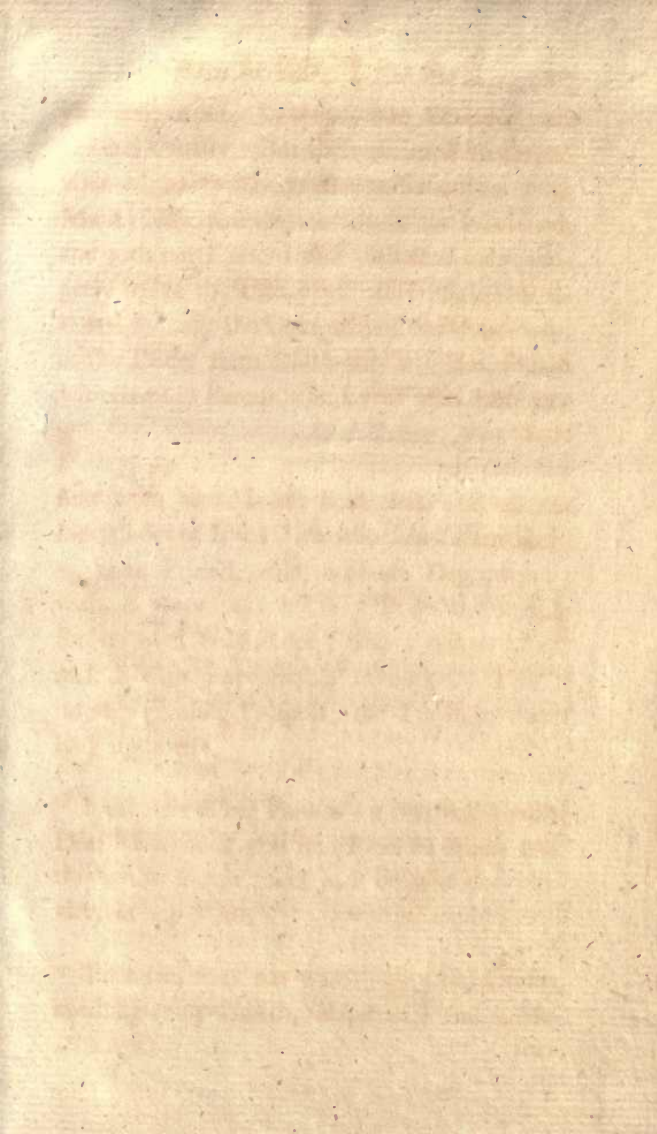
Wit, pure as flow'd from Infant Nature's Tongue;

Just—not severe; tho' inoffensive—strong.

Such Worth as points to Man, what Heav'n de-
sign'd,

True human Greatness, Dignity of Mind.

F I N I S.



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